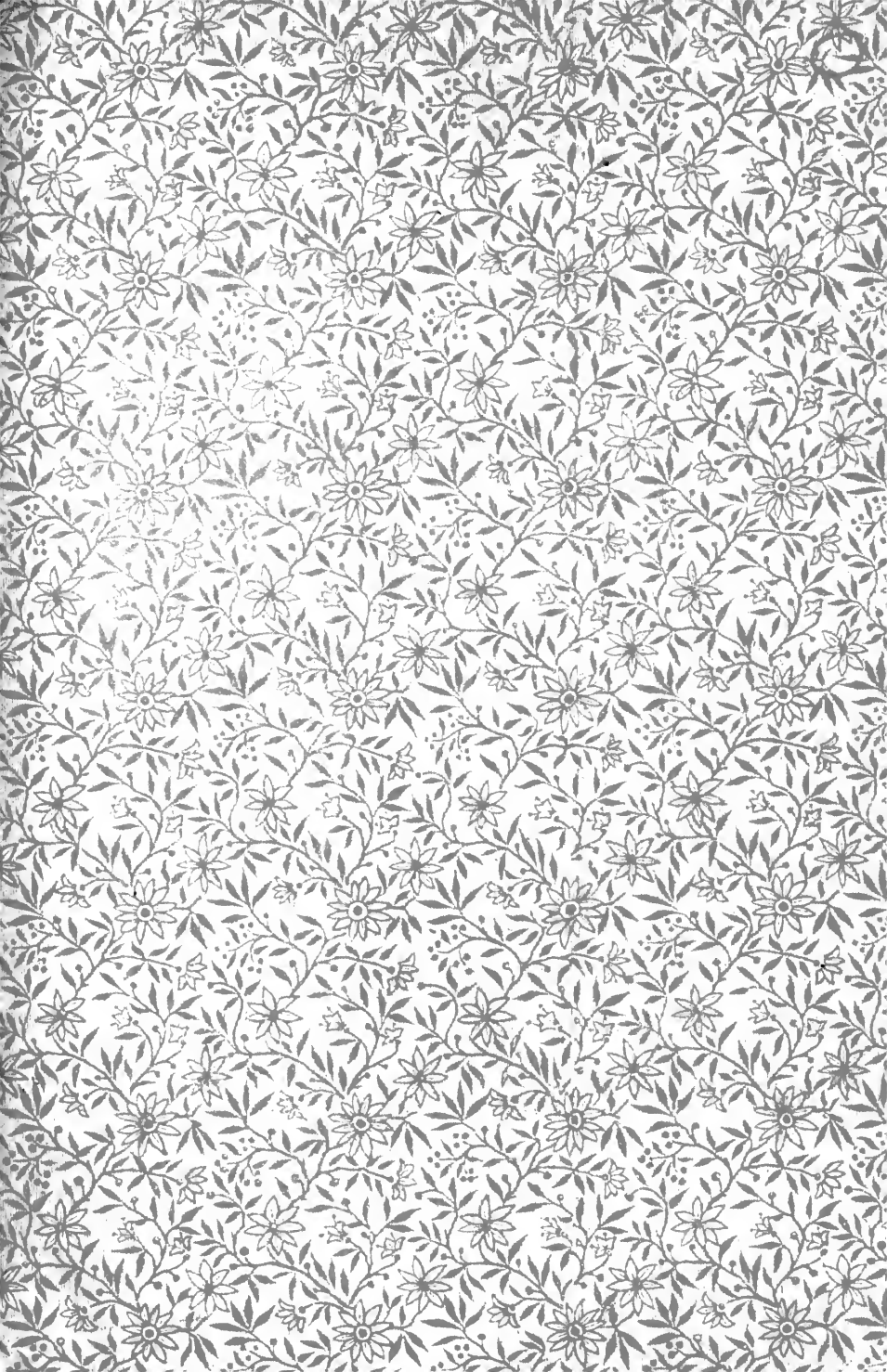




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Father O'Keefe



ANDIATOROCTÉ

OR

THE EVE OF LADY DAY ON LAKE GEORGE

AND OTHER

POEMS, HYMNS, AND MEDITATIONS IN
VERSE

BY

THE REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH

RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ALBANY, N. Y.

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ANDIATOROCTÉ

OR,

THE EVE OF LADY-DAY ON LAKE GEORGE.



ANDIATOROCTÉ;

OR,

THE EVE OF LADY-DAY ON LAKE GEORGE.

INTRODUCTION.

All secluded by its trees
From the world it would forsake,
Where French Mountain bends its knees
To gaze into the holy lake
Stands a quiet convent, bosomed
On a breast that loves it well.
Bosomed in the craggy hill,
As if there a flower had blossomed
From the bosom of the hill.
Scantly the trees conceal it,
By some doubt, or timid feeling,
Half unveiling, half concealing,
In a mystery they reveal it.
They but form a gentle eyelid
Fringing the steep terrace there ;
And the convent, half beguiléd,
Half retreating back to prayer,
Looking over, looking under,
(Saints, forgive all worldly wonder !)

Sees Lake George stretched far and near ;
Sees the water pure and clear ;
Sees reflected to her eyes,
From its bosom clear and crystal,
From its bosom pure and vestal,
Holy legends of the skies.

Dear St. Mary's, for his sake
Who first named the Holy Lake,¹
Christening with bleeding finger
Font and penitent together,
Ever keep thy sweet seclusion
Free from secular intrusion,
Leaning on the mountain's breast,
Smiling there in trustful rest,
Nestling in the wood that shields thee,
Smiling to the sky that gilds thee,
Calmly thoughtful, calmly blest.

Ah ! betimes from that retreat,
As the sun sinks down to rest,
Throwing kisses from the west
To the clouds, 't is passing sweet
To watch the shadows in the sky,
To watch the colors come and break
Like blushes on a maiden's cheek,
Pleased but disturbed by a fond eye.
Will you listen for a minute ?
Ere my rambling verse is o'er
I will sing of this and more,
You may find a pleasure in it.

¹ Lake George, considered by the aborigines as an appendage to Lake Champlain, and by them called Andiatorocté, or The Tail of the Lake, was known to the early missionaries as Lake St. Sacrament, from the fact that Father Isaac Jogues baptized many savages in its waters.

CANTO I.

[*Wherein the author vindicates his native land.*]

The breath of August fills land, lake, and sky.
It is the eve of Lady-Day. Nature knows well,
And robes with scruple for the festival.
All the long afternoon the clouds hang low
In banks of smoke, or woolly balls of snow ;
Or higher up stream out like spirit hair
Combed into long thin tresses by the air.
And witchingly betimes spots of the bluest blue
Lie dimpled between flocons of white cloud.
It is the way of skies to show more true
When things of lower nature hide in shroud.
'T is Heaven speaks now ; and all the gloom or
glow
Above is mirror'd in the lake below.

Coquettish nature ! Whiles the placid lake
Changes the quaker surface of her cheek
To vexed impatience, as the saucy wind
Whispers bold nothings to her maiden mind.
First, all is "yea" ; then, like offended prude,
With sudden dignity she draws her hood,
And cloisters her sweet face behind a frown.
And the land too—how proudly are displayed
Its jewels, island, mountain, grove, and glade !
(Trees hide, thank God, railroad, hotel, and town.)
Tea Island nestles near the western shore,
With strange tales of long-buried ore.
Northward lie Diamond Isle, the Sisters Three ;
And, hugging close Tongue Mountain, one can see
Dome Island's round back. In a chain hang they ;

Green emeralds on the neck of the East Bay
They lie. At first the nearest seems most fair.
But gaze awhile ; the intermediate air,
Which colors distance with its own thin hue,
Will show it soon, less overcast, more true,
And make the eye more lovingly rest there.

I 've gazed on many a lofty, lovely scene
In other lands, on England's oaks, lawns, gardening ;
Cathedrals preaching old faith o'er again ;
On Ben Venue and An, their hard brows hardening
Against the pleading innocence of Loch Katrine,
As Scotland's iron lords frowned on the sin
Of joyous loveliness in Scotland's queen.
And I have seen Killarney's mountains tower
Over chained lakes below, born of their tears,
Dreaming that haggard want can carry fears
To mammon, or sad beauty charm its power.
I 've seen the crystal cones of Switzerland,
Where like the pinnacles of heaven they stand
Above the clouds, as claiming foothold there,
Naught holding from the earth, sons of the air.
I 've seen the blue Danau, the Rhine, the Rhone,
The groves of Ceylon breathing o'er the waves,
High Fusi-yama lift her fluted cone,
Followed the sea into Bermuda's caves,
Walked where the Gulf Stream crowds the Atlantic
back
Upon the strand of Florida with wave and wreck ;
But near or far naught lovelier I know
Than the fair vision sky and mountains show
To sweet St. Mary's leaning o'er the lake.

There are who say our scenery, though fair,
Is mute : no old traditions haunt the land ;

That hill, cave, cove, wave, grove, and strand
 Send no such thrilling echoes through the air
 As stir the soul to romance on the Rhine,
 At that high seat whence Roland saw the earth
 Cast on his love below at Nonnenwerth ;
 Or where the ivy on the Avon, Thames, or Tyne,
 Circles with loving arm some crumbling wall ;
 Or where dim Highland wraiths rise from the mead,
 Or mad O'Donahoe spurs his phantom steed
 Across Lough Leane into a rocky stall.
 They say, while every hill, or vale, or shore
 In Europe breathes with memories of the past,
 Our land alone, dead to all legendary lore,
 All the more barren seems for that 't is vast.
 Ah ! they belie the land. Precious and rare
 Unfold her old traditions to the scholar's care,
 And poet's tremulous eye, who reverent seek,
 Who tread her woods in silence, and let silence
 speak.

Stranger ! Here lies a route of braves. Algonquin
 bands

By this shore passed to ravage Mohawk lands,
 And light the Hudson with the fires of war ;
 And cheeks grew pale in fortified Quebec,
 To hear of Kaniongas on this lake.
 A song like this was carried wide and far
 When Agnié councils rose with blood in the eye,
 And Kryn, or Hendrick, led the battle cry.

MOHAWK WAR SONG.

Did I not hear the drum ?

Hist ! Wyandots, I come.

Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !¹

¹ Wah-hee means in French *Oui-da* ; in English " This is how it is." The singer means to say : Here I am to speak for my-

From the lodges of the Oknaho
 The wily river doth creep,
 To rush at Cohoes with a leap
 Into the valley below.
 So leap I on the foe,
 Shouting my battle song.
 To battle I belong.

Ho ! Kanionkehaka ! Ho !
 Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !

Quatoghies sleep ! close every eye.
 Are these doves that cleave the sky ?

Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !

Are they going North to brood ?

No. They are eagles of war ;

Konochioni come from afar.

Looking for eagles' food.

Dogs ! I am thirsty. Give me blood !

Ha ! keep your lodges safe. Ere long

I'll shake them with a Mohawk song.

Ho ! Kanionkehaka ! Ho !
 Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !

Comes the red daylight now,
 Strikes the earth on its brow.

Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !

So come I like fiery day ;

I come with a lighted brand ;

I come with hatchet in my hand,

To fall upon the prey.

self. Kanionkehaka is the name by which the Mohawks designate themselves. The Hurons were sometimes called Quatoghies, sometimes Wyandots. The Oknaho, or Mohawks of the Wolf family, occupied the banks of the river between Spraker's Basin and Fort Plain, the site of their castle frequently changing between these points. Niio, or Rawenniio, is the name in Iroquois for God.

My body I cast away.
My soul is strong,
No fear is in my song.
Ho ! Kanionkehaka ! Ho !
Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !

Brothers, will ye shrink and fail ?
My heart is eager for the trail.
Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !
Warriors, I am a full-grown man.
See ! on my breast I wear
The teeth and claws of the bear,
The totem of my clan.
Braves that saw them last year ran.
Quatoghies ! Am I wrong ?
I 'll show you my claws again ere long.
Ho ! Kanionkehaka ! Ho !
Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !

The trail leads northward—here !
Cloudless is the sky, and clear.
Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !
Merrily smiles the great Niio.
For every blow I strike in the post,
I will send a screaming ghost
To the misty lodges below,
Or breathe out mine to the foe.
To battle I belong,
Hark, Rawenniio, to my song !
Ho ! Kanionkehaka ! Ho !
Wah-hee ! Ho-ha !

Behind this convent, and behind the hill,
Far eastward stretches out a level plain
Lovely to distant view, but nearer seen
The ground is low and wet ; Burgoyne learned it
well.

Hapless as he, Dieskau at an earlier day
Led from the north, with martial fire and pride,
His French and Indians, skirting the hill side
To find the wildest and the nearest way
To strike the English garrison in yonder fort.
Its ruins once were picturesque and rare ;
But now in shame they crouch beneath the stare
Of diamonded vulgarity, and lisping sport,
That better love to hear the steamer snort.
Oh, I remember when this south beach here,
Of all the lake shore, lone and lovely smiled.
In semicircle true, fond arms though wild
It stretched around its love from Caldwell pier
To Crosby side, and not a road, or fence, or ditch,
Or sign of tenement, field, plough, or spade,
Or human meddling marred the forest shade,
Or scared the ripples breaking on the beach.
A sigh for thee, O disenchanted shore,
Thy beauty is no more !

Well, leave we there the desecrated site.
A two-mile walk around the southern knoll
That terminates French Hill, leads to a lonely pool
Strewed with pond-lilies velvety in white,
The only fragrant things that care to stay
Where all of life beside preaches decay.
'T is said that these are prayers. Here they
 remain
To plead for the unburied soldiers of Dieskau,
Who sleep unshriven in the mould below.
No requiem had they ; no priestly train,
No drops of holy spray, no consecrated rings
Of incense rose to heaven. But there are wings
That beat the air unseen, and subtle strings
That intersect the earth and sea like wire,
And carry secret whispers to desire.

So webbed and warped is life, so thought is knit
with things.

Pray, lilies, pray ! cease not to intercede ;
Spread your green pads, turn your white breasts to
heaven.

Ah ! who can know when prayers outgrow their need ?
Ah ! who can say when sin is all forgiven ?

Hard by the road that skirts the " Bloody Pond,"
A granite monument records the name¹
Of one who fell in the same fray. To fame
A better plea among the Berkshire hills is found,
Where past twin colleges the Housatonic flows.
A little farther on, grappling with foes,
King Hendrick, mighty Kanionga, fell,
In war most brave, at council-fire most wise.
Let the old Ritual of the League reveal
How nations mourn when a true patriot dies.

AN IROQUOIS DIRGE.

I.

Thus our brothers go.
Founders of the League of Peace.
Ye who blessed it to increase,
Listen to our woe !
 Haih ! haih !
Our bitter woe.

II.

Fast they go before.
The thickets grow anew
Where the green corn grew
That grows no more.
 Haih ! haih !
That grows no more.

¹ Col. Ephraim Williams, founder of Williams College.

III.

Mute are they and still.
Warriors fall like falling rain.
They are gathered in like grain
From the lone hill ;
 Haih ! haih !
The desert hill.

IV.

Heavy is our song.
The Long Lodge feels the north.
From flaming hearth to hearth
The leap is long.
 Haih ! haih !
The leap is long.

V.

O king of war and pest !
Across the deep dark gulf
Thou leapest like a hungry wolf
To seize our best ;
 Haih ! haih !
Braves and best.

VI.

Under the hemlock trees,
That bow like bowing grief,
Sits the widow of a chief
Hugging her knees ;
 Haih ! haih !
Her chilly knees.

VII.

Her heart is sore.
She thinks of her helpless brood.

Children ! the hand that brought ye food,
Will it bring more ?

 Haih ! haih !
Will it bring more ?

VIII.

Nay, wondering eyes,
More ye ask than grief can know ;
More ye seek than life can show,
Were ye more wise.

 Haih ! haih !
Ah ! who is wise ?

IX.

Hollow out his tomb.
Seat him upright in the grave.
A true Konochione brave
Leaps at the drum,

 Haih ! haih !
The signal drum.

X.

Heap his sack well.
Shall a great chieftain's ghost
For want of flesh or corn be lost
On the long trail,

 Haih ! haih !
The weary trail ?

XI.

Give him knife and bow
And arrows. What, if bound
To the far distant hunting-ground,
He meet a foe,

 Haih ! haih !
Some prowling foe !

XII.

Hail ! grandsires, hail !
Ye built our cabin long.
Ye made our union strong.
Say, shall it fail ?
 Haih ! haih !
Shall the league fail ?

XIII.

Grandsires, we are few.
These wampum belts in hand, ye swore
To make our league endure.
Are the tokens true ?
 Haih ! haih !
And we so few ?

XIV.

Hark ! sires, yet stay.
O make our league of peace remain,
And every link that binds the chain !
Though chiefs are clay,
 Haih ! haih !
And pass away.

CANTO II.

[*Some Jottings from the "Jesuit Relations."*]

Seest thou where Caldwell lies direct in line
With Prospect Mountain ? Seest thou the turn
Where opens the dark valley leading from Luzerne ?
Seest thou the Abenáki camp like moccasin
Upon the mountain's foot ? These are akin
To those fierce redskins who with Montcalm came
To storm Fort William Henry, and to their leader's
 shame

Deluged yon terrace with their prisoners' blood.
Beads now they barter where the old fort stood.
Even so degenerate. Vulgar drink to-day
Avenes life once shed in nobler fray.
Drop now thine eye to yonder pier of plank
Where idle boats dance merrily to the bank.
Within a cove of that same shore one day
A light canoe, among the bushes hid away,
Waited the coming of an Indian maid,
A fugitive, dear now to pious fame,
Who sacrificed, sweet zealot, all to Jesus' name,
And northward by this route to the St. Lawrence fled.
Would'st know the legend? Read it on every rock
That lines this lake. The terraced banks of the
Mohawk,
From Fonda to the clattering factory town
Where the choked Choctanunda plunges down,
Know the tale well, Galway and Middlegrove,
Greenfield and Hadley, and the mountain clove
Where the North River bursts his granite bonds.
Ask freely; from land, lake, and stream echo re-
sponds.

TEGAKWÍTA.

O Gandawaga! was it thou
That, peering through primeval shade,
Saw the first life dawn on the brow
Of our sweet Kanionga maid?

Echo! Echo!

If it be really truly so.
And if that cherished name you know,
Was it Takwita?

Ita. Ita.¹

¹ It should not be forgotten that this echo belongs to the Church missionary times, and that "Ita" in Latin means "Yes."

Oh ! Kayadutta, was it here,—
Is that her spring above the road,
And did its water pure and clear
Give the dear girl new-born to God ?

Echo ! Echo !

Leap these two centuries like a doe,
And name the name that well you know.
Was it Takwita ?

Ita. Ita.

Luzerne, is thine the mountain pass
Received her footprints from the vale
Where creeps the Kayaderoseras ?
Saw ye her uncle on the trail ?

Echo ! Echo !

Saw ye the knife and wrathful brow ?
Heard ye the drip of a canoe
Speeding Takwita ?

Ita. Ita.

Methinks I see her passing now
Along yon shore, wrapt in the shade
Of trees that from the bank bend low
Their boughs to screen the holy maid.

Echo ! Echo !

Speak my name softly in her ear,
And say, a heart that holds her dear
Signals Takwita.

Ita. Ita.

Saw ye the great St. Lawrence leap
Like panther leaping from his lair ?
Saw ye a maiden vigil keep
Upon the bank, with fast and prayer ?

Echo ! Echo !

Why this high cross and lowly mound ?

Ends the trail here ? Nay, look beyond.
Heaven holds Takwita.
Ita. Ita.

Will you go farther back for histories
To make our country luminous ? Well, such abound ;
And witchery far more witching here is found
In truthful story than the idle mysteries
Of fable yield. The Jesuit " Relations " tell
How, at an earlier time, seeking for foes,
A party of fierce Iroquois pushed their canoes
Along Lake George, Champlain, the sly Sorel,
The broad St. Lawrence, to St. Peter's Lake.
Fatal mischance it was that then and there
Brought richest life and treasure to their snare.
Twenty canoes came freighted from Quebec
With Huron braves and French, a Christian fleet
Returning to St. Mary's Mission on the Wye.
Ah ! many found high mission there—to die ;
Some, captives in the Mohawk villages, to meet
Through torture, mutilation, fire, a later death,
Calling on Jesus with their latest breath.
Hail ! sacred lives, to faith dear evermore,
Etienne Totiri, Thondatsáa, Paul, Theodore,
Eustache Aharistari, Theondéchören, and his niece,
Terèsa Wyonhaton. Couture, long a thrall
At Teiöñontogen, to our times of peace
Transmits a bishop to the see of Montreal ;¹
And, names more memorable still, the " prayer "
Counts Father Jogues and René Goupil there.

RENÉ GOUPIL.

Know ye the fountains that feed the Schoharie,
Where cradled she lies in the Kaaterskill rocks ?

¹ The late Archbishop Bourget was a descendant of William Couture the captive.

Saw ye at Tribes' Hill the sweet stream marry
Her placid life to the wild Mohawk's ?

 In the angle
 Where they mingle,
Stands the cross of Auriesville,
Stands a little oratory
 On the summit of a hill.
It beckons, speaks ; it bids you kneel.
It is full of a sweet story
Of a martyr now in glory,
 Of a saint, René Goupil.

Come, go with me thither. We 'll steal through
 the bushes ;
We 'll climb the steep bank where their lodges stood.
I 'll show you the shells of their feasts, and the
 ashes
That blacken the ground where their fires glowed.
 Who go thither
 Still may gather
Pipes, and bowls, and wampum beads,
Bones of deer and bear and otter,
 Hammers, axes, arrow-heads.
To me there 's blood that bleeds there still.
As the plough drags through the furrow,
Still, methinks, the red drops follow
 Where they dragged René Goupil.

There yet stands the hill where the two prayed
 together,
Jogues, mournful survivor, and René the slain ;
Here once stood the gate where the gentle lay-
 brother
Bent down to the hatchet that rent his brain.
 The rivulet
 Is running yet ;

The same ravine slopes to it still ;
Torrents through it still are carried,
 When quick showers flood the hill,
As the old " Relations " tell.
There by savage hatred hurried,
There by loving fingers buried,
 Rest the ashes of Goupil.

Say not America's saints are all foreign,
That martyrs have left no rich blood on our sod.
On the atlas of souls Lake George is the highroad
Of heroes that hastened to die for God.

 Spirits rally
 In the valley
Of the Kanionga still ;
Oneiouts, and Goiogouen,
 Onondagas of the Hill,
Where long lay the buried bell ;
Sonontouans—brave, wife, maiden ;—
Many trails that lead to Eden
 Lead from thine, René Goupil !

Gleamed there no sacred truth on these dark fore-
 esters

Before the Black Robe to their lodges came ?
Are not the stars all tuneful choristers,
Singing to silent souls the Maker's name ?
What are the clouds but scrolls of sacred song ?
What are the woods but Bibles bound in green,
That speak to pious thoughts of the unseen ?
These forests had their bards. They gave a tongue
To rocks, and trees, and belts of beaded bark.
They sang of hunting, war, love's fitful tears
Of joy or woe. Oft, rising from the dark
Traditionary lore of slavish fears,

They heard low wooing on their forest path,
That voice by which all being being hath.
Ah ! think you, that far-penetrating grace
Which reaches all that hangs in time and space
However lone, brought to this wilderness
No gift for love in aching dreariness ?
Is Heaven too far away to speak again
When hearts thus plead in loving pain ?

KE-WE-GE-WAUN.

That which I seek I always loved.
Love bent the bough
Which swung my infant cries to sleep.
Love leads me now.
I seek a friend who hides from me.
Where is he then ?
This long long while I find no track
Of his moccasin.
I find him not in the green-leaf lodge.
Is he on the lake ?
I shade my sight. There his canoe
Has left no wake.
I lay my ear to the earth. No sound.
Where has he gone ?
I cry into the ear of the dark :
Ke-we-ge-waun !¹
All round the circle of the sky
His voice I hear.
Could he feel the beating of my heart,
He would appear.
O let him rise above the hill
Into the air !
O let him come from behind the cloud,
If he be there !

¹ I wish to go into your lodge.

Low sounds drop from the happy camps
Beyond the moon.
I 'm sick of all this waiting ;
Will he come soon ?
O Father, take me to thy lodge !
Sore to be gone,
My heart sends out this far-off cry :
Ke-we-ge-waun !

CANTO III.

[*Indian Magic and Divination.*]

From the sweet-scented air and cooling shade
Of this piazza, northward cast your eye,
And follow up yon chain of isles that lie
Like emeralds on a fair breast displayed.
In line they lie strung out, as in the wake
Of some canoe. Lost were they maybe in the
flight
Of some fair giantess who, seized with fright,
Her frantic paddle plied upon the lake,
All heedless of what fell from her fair neck.
'T was in the ancient days, you know, when Oki
here
Their councils held. Some gathered on the height
Where fair Mt. Prospect sweeps the atmosphere,
Embracing in its ken, not only this fair sheet
Of innocently cradled water at its feet,
But far-stretched valleys, clustering giant hills,
The Adirondacks, serpent Hudson, and the pale
Kaatskills.
Other and darker spirits met betimes
Where Mt. Black, moody monster, lent his screen
Of hollow flank, and darkly-scarred ravine,
To demon dances preluding wild crimes.

Close gullied in the hill, bedded in bog,
And mingling smoke with the dense mountain fog,
In ancient times a lodge of saplings stood,
Saplings bent inward to a ridge, and tied.
No difference it knew of roof and side,
But stood a cone of branches, bark, and mud.
Here dwelt in former days a Josakeed,
Grim sorcerer. His birthplace, native speech, and
breed
None knew. Some said an Oki all begot
Out of the hill—man, bog, and hut.
All feared his anger to incur ;
Though many sought, none loved the sorcerer.
Wolves gazed in wondering at the door.
Lithe rattlesnakes crawled free across the floor,
Warmed freely at his fire. He heeded not.
I give you here the song which, wild and weird,
Rang forth betimes from out his dismal hut
To terrify the crowd that stood about,
Fond clinging to the magic which they feared.

THE JOSAKEED.

I, the Josakeed, sit in my lodge.
Womb, birth, breast, breath,
Love, hate, life, death,
Game, war, I judge.

What are these so thin and white ?
Spirits of the lofty light.
What are these that chill me so ?
Spirits of the fog and snow.
Why do they groan ?
Because I dragged them fast and far
Through earth and air.
Look at this bone.

This was a warrior's thigh ;
This was his arm ;
Each carries a mighty charm.
Crossed thus, the charm I magnify.
When I beat my magic drum
With this, the living I bid ;
With this I call the dead ;
And they come.
When I cross the two with a prayer,
And draw with my finger the sign I hate,
The stab I give will carry fate
Through the air.
I call to the lake to send me rain ;
I send it home to the lake again.
I call the thunder from the west ;
It rises with a roar ;
Comes trampling over the prairie floor ;
Comes crowding the sky with its breast ;
Comes trembling to my door ;
Sinks growling to its rest.
A lover whistles from the maize ;
The lodge-fire casts a wondering blaze
Upon a maiden's scorn.
I point to her this feather ;
Heugh ! See two dark heads bend together
Between the rows of corn.

Ask ye, by what spell
I gathered this control ?
A part ye may know ; the whole
I dare not tell.

I took the lip of a moose,
The folds of a buzzard's neck,
The skin from a dead man's back,
The hair of a drowned papoose.

From the belly of a snake
I scooped the swarming brood.
Green leeches in the lake
Clung to my legs ; they are good.
I added, to ensure the charm,
The froth of a frog.
And from the tongue of a dog
I tore the worm.
These, mingled well together,
In a hole of my floor I heaped,
And on the mixture I leaped, and leaped
Till I felt the spirits gather.

Three days I fasted without food ;
Three days I fasted without sleep ;
Three days I wet that heap
With my blood,
Dipping this bone and plume.
With the bone I beat my drum ;
With my head I beat the ground.
Giddily I whirled around,
Praying for the gift to come.
Here the spirits found me ;
Angry and unwilling,
Trembling, leaping, yelling,
Formed a ring around me.
Here must they stay,
The Josakeed must obey,
Till the spell is spent, and my magic boon
Shall die away with the dying moon.
Speak, my children, say your need.
What ask ye of the Josakeed ?

A different cast from these low boastful knaves
Stand forth the Prophets of the Meda. They,
High chieftans among chiefs, braves among braves,

Wrap themselves up in mystery to gain sway
Where sachems sit in council, paint for war.
The Meda is a secret college branching far,
With lore traditionary drawn from earth,
And much of fable claiming higher birth.
Its sages know the picturè tongue, an art
Which challenges our wonder on old rocks,
Or hid away in trees near to the heart,
And our more modern literature mocks.
To us the character seems wild and rude,
Without design, as drawn in idle mood.
But those that the Medáwin know, can read
Legends therein of councils, hunts, and love,
Yea by them see long buried armies move,
And on old battle-grounds see warriors bleed.
Often in truth, these Meda bards will sing
In lofty strains, to their free fancies given,
Things air-born, holding naught of earth or heaven.
'T is thus betimes their airy words take wing.

SONG OF THE MEDA PROPHET.

I sit on the globe as on a throne.
With a hand I hold the sky.
I pierce the heavens with my eye ;
Its curtains part to me alone,
And far events come nigh.
Ha ! ha ! what do I see !
Ha, ha ! what do I hear !
The moons come rolling down to me
Like cubs before the loping year.
My children, I shall be cold
Ere ye behold
What to me is already here.

The sun may rise ; the sun may set ;
The sun may come and go.

The sun is not the Manito,
But a spark from his calumet.
See ! see ! he looks this way.
Ha, ha ! what does he say ?
Says the sun : " I walk on half the sky,
It throbs like a mighty drum
If I hide my eye with a frown.
When no longer I look down
Upon the earth, the Oki come,
Bestriding the foul weather.
They spit red needles of light,
And in one blanket thick and tight
Sew the black clouds together."
He says : " O Prophet, hail !"
Hush ! The Prophet sees you not.
To me you are naught.
I look beyond the little trail
Whereon you trot.

Ha, ha ! All know the Meda king.
All bow ; the earth and the wood,
The sunshine, and the weeping cloud.
Their Oki watch my enchanted ring.
The trees nod as I walk beneath.
" Sago ! " they sigh,
And follow me with sidelong eye.
Chatter the crags like chattering teeth,
When a hasty sign I make.
If I but touch my magic drum,
The demons leap from their mountain home,
And make my lodge poles shake ;
But me they move not. Far away,
Through cloud and mist, the Prophet's mind
Sees deeper mysteries unwind,
And unborn years to him are gray.

The superstitious red man's spirit sees
A throbbing life within the heart of trees ;
A life intelligent that thinks, that sings.
Secrets of earth and sky, unutterable things
Murmured in gentle music, fill the air ;
And souls that walk in silence, listening there,
Hear voices issuing from some tuneful tree,
Within whose bark lies hid the mystery.
But what it says no man can tell.
Only the Prophet, the Wabéno, has the skill
To hold the tree in converse, and unlock the spell.
Behold translated from the Ojibway tongue
What once a singing tree to a Diviner sung.

THE WABENO TREE.

Hark ! hark ! hark ! hark !
What is this wonderful thing ?
Can the Tamarack sing ?
I hold my ear to the quivering bark.
It says : " I 'm a Wabeno tree.
For my life I sing ;
From my life I wring
These sounds that ooze from me.
They are songs from below
Which I alone can comprehend,
I and my Wabeno friend
To whom I show
The secrets of the Manito.
My friend walks into my magic ring ;
He stands on the north, on the mossy side,
Where the spirits from the cavern hide
In my shade, and bids me sing.
When the Wabeno inclines to me—
My friend the Wabeno signs to me—
No longer to the ground I cling

With foot and claw,
But free into the air I spring ;
I leap, I laugh, I dance, I sing,
Obedient to the Meda law.
I am a faithful forest tree ;
What is law to all is law to me."

CANTO IV.

[Some glimpses of Convent life.]

Hark ! from the sky a call, earnest and deep.
Softly the silent lake reflects the sound.
Sweetly it sinks into the woods around,
Then drops, like faithful duty done, to sleep.
Fell ever on the ear such silver spray ?
How quick to flood the air ! How quick to die
away !

'T is but the Angelus—the signal of a bell.
Ay ! true ; but who are signalled thus, and why ?
Know ye what makes yon iron throat to swell ?
Earth interlocking once with the deep sky,
Eternity was born child to the hour ;
Men saw the cradle of infinity.
Such is the burden of that loud outcry
Which leaps into the air from yonder tower.
At sunrise, noon, and sunset going forth
O'er mountain chain and sea, circling the earth,
Leaping from spire to spire, the Angelus is heard.
Meek worshippers, low bending at the word,
With reverent knee, and with glad unison
Of heart and lip, repeat the Angel's benison.
A Gabriel in the belfry gives the key,
Three silver peals repeated, three times three.
Arrested by the summons, loving millions pray ;
And these are the words that all in secret say :

THE ANGELUS.

God's Angel came with word and sign
To Mary of a child divine.

Hail Mary, full of grace. And hail
The fruit of thy dear womb !
God's Mother, pray for us this day,
And when our death shall come.

Lo me the handmaid of the Lord !
Be it according to thy word.

Hail Mary, full of grace ! And hail
The fruit of thy dear womb !
God's Mother, pray for us this day,
And when our death shall come.

The WORD divine did flesh assume,
And made this woful world His home.

Hail Mary, full of grace ! And hail
The fruit of thy dear womb !
God's Mother, pray for us this day,
And when our death shall come.

The chime that seemed to idlers on the shore
A fairy note descending from the skies,
To please the sentimental ear, far otherwise
Fell in the circle where, at the same hour,
Low bent the Brethren at Mary's shrine. All rose.
To them its clangor was the sign to close
Their silent meditation with the Angel's prayer.
Thence, while with downcast eyes they still revolve
Slow gathered wreaths of thought, desire, resolve,
They wind their way in silence down the stair,
And up the rustic walk, through the fresh air,
To the refectory. Picture no lavish hall
Where hearts, like harps, may be unstrung again,

Where thought gives way to idle tongue again,
And recollection vanishes beyond recall.
Silence still rules the hour. What nature needs
She freely takes ; meanwhile the spirit feeds
With unabated hungering. But first on high
They lift a prayer to Heaven, nay, beads of song,
A cord of grateful homage, freely strung
With antiphons, short versicles, and quick reply.
Their voices, like the lingerings of a dream,
Stir my soul yet. I give you here the theme ;
But all the life, soul, inspiration, power,
Are gone, with the sweet influence of that holy hour.

OCULI OMNIUM.

(Psalm cxliv., 15.)

The eyes of all are waiting,
Waiting on Thee, Lord ;
Waiting for the daily word
That gives a world of pensioners their board.

Eyes through the water watching,
Eyes in the pathless air,
Eyes gleaming from the forest lair ;
All hungry eyes that look to Thee for fare.

Lord, it is wonderful
How all the living live !
How Thou canst so much give !
Where multitudes so many want, how all receive !

Oh ! Thou art bountiful.
Vast is Thy hall ;
Vast is the daily call ;
Yet lo, before the evening falls Thou feedest all.

Lord, our eyes are waiting,
Waiting for living bread.
Where so vast a board is spread,
Among the rest, O Lord, let us be fed.

The benediction ended, reverential hands
Unclasp a book that on the lectern stands.
It is the Martyrology, volume of precious dates.
Each day throughout the year commemorates
Some golden life sealed at the passing breath.
All its nativities begin at death—
The last faint step, the first bright fluttering,
When Saints enfranchised spread to Heaven white
wing,
And emigrate to God. Here sacred story rings
The passing bell, and to the listener sings
How Martyrs shed their blood, Confessors bleed-
ing tears,
How Virgins saved the buds from their young
years
To wear at the great bridal, how lone hermits
strove
By conquering the will, to shape it to true love.
Hail, sweet astronomy of holy hearts !
Saints are our stars ; and guided by their light,
Paths gleam along the billows, as if night
Were brighter day, and the sky hung with charts.

Not long the evening meal. Again a grateful
prayer ;
And breaking the long silence, all descend
The hill again. With them let us too wend
Our way to the piazza. 'T is from there
The convent looks across Lake George's breast,
And up the hill-side, into the nodding West.
The hour approaches when the imperial Sun,

His round of daily supervision done,
Among the Adirondacks goes to rest.
Sky, cloud, hill, lake, all urgently invite.
Come, let us join with them to bid the King "Good-
night."

CANTO V.

[*A Sunset on Lake George.*]

All through the afternoon, drooping at ease,
Like canvas loosely clewed, the clouds hung low,
Or higher up mustered in balls of snow,
Or higher still, combed by a freer breeze
Into thin streamers, stretched out far before.
A fleet of clouds, the admiral ashore,
All seemed uncertain what to do,
All waited for the word to go.
But no word came. The heavens at our return
Are little changed, save that the sun is lower ;
His fierce white eye has lost its blinding power,
And with a sadder passion now doth burn.
What ails the king? Why does the monarch
mourn?

He mourns because the hour is nigh
When he must leave the heavens alone
With the swarthy night, and the passionless moon.
He will throw back kisses by and by.
We must wait to see how the clouds will glow,
And burning blushes come and go
To be courted so by the lord of the sky.

Behind the northwest bay the misty cowl
That cap the hills oft change to crowns of light,
And in close sympathy the bay itself grows bright,
Or darkens its fair features into scowls.
Sweet is it whiles to see the sky look through

Torn patches of white cloud with eyes of blue,
The blue of Italy. Our heavens darker show,
And far more softly blue, when curtained so.
Mirror of all above, Lake George lies calm and still
In borrowed loveliness, the loan of sky and hill.

The evening grows. All of departing day
That still remains is gathered in the west.
Descending slow the sun with proud survey
Looks backward over the mountain crest.
Ah ! we shall have a grand display
Of art divine when he is gone,
When the curtains o'er his couch are drawn.
The sky will show its rarest scenery,
The clouds will robe in all their finery.
As down he slides how his circle swells !
He sinks, fast sinks to his bed in the hills ;
We see him move ; we follow his glide ;
We measure his motion by palpable drop ;
The giant Adirondacks open wide
Their granite jaws to swallow him up.
The woods that struggle in his rays
With amorous joy are all ablaze.
A momentary glory : lo ! the great sun dies
With no color of beauty in his eyes.
The lake below lies desolate and chill ;
Gray shadows climb to the edge of the hill ;
The listless clouds hang overhead,
All unconcerned that the night doth fall ;
Little they care to festoon his bed.
He dies ! he dies ! and now he is dead.
We shall have no sunset, after all.

Beshrew my hasty heart and slanderous tongue !
I have done to the sweet heavens wrong.
See that quick glow ! Some painter's brush

Has changed the scowl of the sky to a blush ;
And now, as they catch their monarch's eye
The clouds wake up with a flush,
And hang out their richest upholstery.
How rapidly the west unrolls
Its drapery, spreads forth its glorious folds !
To what shall I liken the display ?
A ship that crowding all her canvas flings
Forth to the breeze a full attire of wings ;
Alas ! the quicker to speed away.
Spread all ! speed on ! no time to loiter.
Show all your wealth ; festoon ! festoon !
And make this twilight hour brighter
Than the bright afternoon.
Let nature spare no art to feed
The hunger of devotion,
Though the fond sky should burn and bleed
Through surfeit of emotion.
Let a full canopy be spread
With curtains of the brightest hue ;
Hang gold beneath the blue and red,
And brown above the blue.

Is there no blazonry save in the west ?
The hills that bound the northwest bay
No kisses wave, no scarfs display.
A purple twilight caps each crest.
Tongue Mountain gathers no light on his cheek,
Above his head no halos,
But over the narrow waist of the lake
Nods drearily to his fellows.
Draw the night curtains over your head.
Old sluggard ; to the setting sun
Your parting is already said,
Though scarcely yet begun.
Is the south sky also dreary ?

Not dreary ; but its light is dying,
And the clouds, in gray blankets lying,
Seem like huntsmen chill and weary.
But oh ! see ! see ! the wonderful West
All bright and glorious doth remain !
The sunset streams against his breast,
To fall in golden dust again,
A shower of prismatic rain
Upon the mountain crest.
Stay now ! Change nothing ! All is well.
Let our eyes fill ! Where every hue
Is lovelier than tongue can tell,
The heart desires nothing new.

Vain pleading ; fickle as the glowworm's glow,
These dewy tapestries now fade, now fill ;
The tides of color ebb and flow,
The last always the loveliest ; until,
As startled by some fear or freak,
Shrinks the blood back from the celestial cheek,
And all that lately seemed so real,
And was so lovely in the scenery,
Dissolves like dreams which the machinery
Of fancy knits in sleep from the ideal.
Comes back again the cold uncolored light ;
The clouds resume their wraps of dusty brown ;
Closed are the shutters of the night ;
The show is done : the sun is down.
What is there left behind ?
What is there still to look upon ?
Only a ridge of hill sharp-lined
Against a sky of stone.
No more ? Ay, in the blue vault overhead,
Something unseen before is spread.
Wide unrolling, groping, drooping nigher,
An ominous canopy of cloud has grown,

Like the smoke of a great council fire
When all the chiefs are gone.

All nature seems to hold its breath, so deep
The silence. All the leaves, still ears,
Seem listening to hear what little stirs.
Softly across the lake light undulations creep,
And murmuring low prayers lay meekly down
Under the rocky walls that breast the shore.
Is there some solemn service going on ?
This lake—is it some sacred temple floor,
With hills for galleries ? Ah ! holy silence speak ;
If God be nearer now, thy message break,
And give to souls that love the signal to adore.

Only the crickets have a heart to sing,
But not for joy. The dismal tree-toad croaks
A harsh monotony from yon clump of oaks,
And tattered birch. The prowling night-hawk's
wing
A passing shadow throws against the sky,
Upon his way to some dark burglary.
So evil stirs when honest life is still,
Loving, not silence, but the dark. Stay ! hush !
What threnody comes wailing from yon bush ?
It is the cry of the whippoorwill.
Waste no compassion on a causeless folly
That takes delight in nursing melancholy,
Out of the moonlight weaves a wanton misery.
Are there no human fools as fond as he ?
Let us shake off the influence of the night
With song, or joyous converse. No twilight
Gathers in healthy spirits. The pale moon
Reflects her softened sunbeams, not for grief alone,
But more for grateful love, and thoughtful prayer.
True souls seek shade only when God is there.

Ah ! there are skies with suns that never set,
Clouds that wear constant gold beneath the violet ;
Green trees that spread no gloom along the grove.
Shines always light in hearts that truly love.
'T is Lady-Day ; winged angels are abroad.
Come ! Give the present hour to Mary, and to
God.

How oft the heart's best wishes are forestalled !
What sympathies are noduled everywhere !
What filaments electric wire the air !
What sudden carriers come to souls uncalled !
Does nature work thus by some means unknown ;
Or are these agents of another state,
Still natural, but higher than our own,
That sometimes with our world communicate ?
Or is it the same hand divine that weaves
Our higher destinies, yet never leaves
To natural law alone the little threads,
Or grudges helpful grace to little needs ?
Let the dull realist interpret by his rule,
Clothe the dead dust with empire, heaven with
crape,
Love, thought, and conscience out of atoms shape ;
We poets, prophets of a nobler school,
Will cleave to a philosophy with wings,
Emancipate imperial thought from things,
See more in life than sense, in death than rust ;
Seek causes in the sky, not in the dust.
Why, when a pulse or two ago, as love computes,
I called to the deep silence for some notes
Of pious melody to fill the void
Within my thought, by silence made,
And which a tuneful silence only could supply,—
How, on the very instant, came reply ?
Promptly it came, and softly through the air ;

Prompt as assurance from suspected love,
Soft as betimes come stepping from above
By velvet stairs, angels with boon to prayer.
Coincidences, say you. Ay ; but the tether,
The cord, the wave electric, by whose means
Is overlapped the space that intervenes,
And souls apart think, breathe together ;
Stretch bodiless hands, touch, give the grip,
Where previous thought knew naught of fellowship ;
Tell me the secret, brother, if you know it :
The magnet show, if you can show it .
Then may the victor's greenest laurel crown you,
And a poet's benison be on you.

Through distant windows of the convent came the
sound.

By custom drawn, or in a pious mood,
Some tuneful choristers of the brotherhood
Had gathered in the library around
A stand, with Hymnals, and a Gradual,
Rehearsing for the morrow's festival.
I give the substance of what was sung,
Rendered, as best I can, in English tongue ;
But that rare hymn with its gentle power,
And the charm that clings to Gregorian tone,
And the eloquent breath of a holy hour
I cannot give. The spell is gone.

AVE MARIS STELLA.

Hail, thou star of ocean !
Guide, and guard, and haven ;
Mother, and yet Virgin ;
Happy gate of heaven.

Take the "ave" Gabriel
Brings thee, holy Maiden ;

And, a new Eve, lead us
Safe to a new Eden.

Loose the sinner's fetters ;
Give the blind soul vision ;
Evil chase. For every
Needful grace petition.

'T was for us the Saviour
Sanctified and chose thee ;
Show thyself a Mother.
Will thy Son refuse thee ?

Maid, above all maidens
Mild and pure as crystal ;
Gentle Mary, make us
Also pure and gentle.

Make our pathway surer ;
Calm life's rushing fever ;
Keep us until Jesus
Seal our souls forever.

CONCLUSION.

Would you see Lake George aright ?
Come meekly, then, with staff in hand,
True pilgrim to a holy land,
A summer's anchorite.
Abandon, with the crowded town,
Parlor, shop, office, all show of dress.
All fever of work or of idleness.
Come not with simpering fops to drown,
In ball-room chatter,
The eloquence of the holy lake.
And brother, oh ! for pity's sake,
Save these sweet woodlands from the clatter

Of carriage wheels, and horses' feet,
And the dusty breath of the street.
If forsooth you come to buy,
To build a lodge or cottage nigh,
Ah ! bring no vandal hand
To mar the beauty of lake or land.
Save nature to the eye.
Build out no pier to overreach
The graceful windings of the beach.
Be not too quick to clip and clear.
A hasty hand will soon undo
What slowly to perfection grew
Through many a gathering year.
On lake or land all life is precious.
Show grace ; and should some sudden quarrel
With nature place your life in peril,
May lake and land be gracious !

Come, brother, come ; but with you bring
No trick of city gardening.
Wear not your time and patience out
With needless spade and clumsy pot,
And weary watering.
Here out from nature's bosom bud
Sweet flowers, nurslings of sun and cloud,
Her own free offering.
Pencilled are they by a deft hand
That never fails ;
By sovereign genius made to stand
Where beauty most avails.
The sturdy rocks are trellises
On which the wild vine trails ;
The meadows lift gay chalices
To pledge the clouds that pass ;
The violet opens her blue eye

Beneath the spears of grass,
Green pennants wave on high,—
Love reigns, guarded by chivalry.
The clover, daisy, buttercup,
Thick-scattered o'er the fields, look up
With reverence, to claim smile and nod
And blessing from the golden-rod.
Benignant in his beauty towers
The crosiered prelate of the flowers.

Such treasures do our highlands yield :
Thickly they crowd and grow
Where the sun is free to glow,
And press hot lips to the field ;
But far more tenderly I love
The sweet recluses of the grove.
The forest flowers are not so gay
As those of the open air ;
Their simple beauty shuns display ;
More pure and delicate are they,
And methinks more truly fair.
All flowers, like the heliotrope,
Follow the circling sun ;
But the forest flower his gaze doth shun.
Through leafy vistas looking up
With deeper, loftier desire,
To it, secluded from low light,
Rapt seer of a loftier sight,
The signal stars come nigher.

Come, brother, lake and stars invite you ;
Cast the old life aside ;
Open the heart doors wide ;
Andiatorocté will requite you.
Come, see these chestnut hills aglow

Beneath their drifts of summer snow ;
Come, bring free lungs to this mountain air ;
Come, drink from fountains pure and clear ;
Bathe with the fishes, sing with the birds ;
Warm your veins in sunny meadows ;
Ponder whiles in silent shadows ;
Cull from the archives of these highlands,
These dreamy banks, bays, inlets, islands,
The old traditions of the lake,
Tales of hunter, scout, and brave.
Of holy feet that knew no leisure,
Swimming eyes that found no pleasure,
Loved no science, but to save.
Come with pulse prepared to rhyme
With artless life, yet tuned to chime
With life's great Oversoul.
Are not the rings of space and time ·
Linked in a perfect whole ?
Leave things for truth ; begin to think ;
Change shallow facts for wiser lore ;
Come study beauty for beauty's sake.
I promise you that you shall drink,
O pilgrim to the holy lake,
As never before,
Draughts of pure and joyous truth ;
A sweetness shall lie on your tongue,
And your eyes shall grow young,
O Ponce De Leon, with perpetual youth.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

As I lay sick on my bed,
So sick that, to my weary brain,
The downy pillow seemed lead
Under my head ;
As wearily thus reclining,
I gazed through the window-pane,
Where nothing met my eye
Save leafless branches intertwining
Betwixt me and the sky ;
A little cock-sparrow flew into the tree,
And looked through the window at me.
“ Begone ! ” said I, “ you hateful thing !
You ’re as ugly as sin, and you cannot sing.
Besides, you ’re a rascally thief ;
The mischief you ’ve done to the grain,
And the fruit, and will do again,
Is past belief.
Wherever your scolding voice is heard
You are known for a quarrelsome bird.
You drive the dear little thrushes away,
The robin and the wren.
Go back to your English home again,
You brawling thief, and stay !

You have my mind in these few words :
American skies for American birds.
Shoo ! sparrow, fly away ! ”

Was it a little cock-lawyer I spied,
With an expanse of legal breast,
His thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest,
And his hair brushed back with professional pride ?
No ; ’t was the little cock-sparrow replied ;
Sprightly he hopped to my window-sill ;
Lightly he lifted his coat-tail behind,
While he stooped to sharpen his bill,
And, perhaps, to recall to mind
A few points of his case.
Then, with a courtly grace,
And just the proper degree of excitement,
He put in his plea
In answer to me,
And my indictment.

“ Before this great high court of Heaven,
Where all of us, both birds and men,
Stand self-accused of sin,
And hope to be forgiven,
Permit me here to recommend
To my learned friend
A little moderation
In his use of actionable words.
It is known to some of us birds
Of a more liberal education,
That the Great Father of us all
Will not allow a sparrow to fall
To the ground, on a simple accusation,
Through the mere force of vociferation,
Without a true bill found.
Now, let me ask a word or two, sir,

Of you, sir,
Who, to my deep grief,
(Though without any brief,)
Appear as my accuser ;
Where are your proofs that I am a thief,
And that I steal the grain ? ”

I said : “ The evidence is plain ;
It is a fact of common report.
The public opinion against you is clear,
And others of your sort.”

“ Is public opinion,” he said, “ to pass here
For law or evidence,
In my case, or that of any other ?
Is it even common-sense ?
Allow me to refer my brother
To a case in point, where the court
(See Vol. 3, of Longfellow’s Report)
Confirmed the old established rule,
That public opinion ’s the law of a fool ;
That, on the strength of current stories,
For a farmer to scatter powder and shot,
Even though it should be on his own lot,
Is *contra bonos mores* ;
Granting injunction, and so forth,
To plaintiffs, the birds of Killingworth.”

Here, as lawyers will pause, to look at their briefs,
Or wipe their heads with their handkerchiefs,
Or readjust their collars,
So the sparrow came to a stop,
Indulged in a flutter and a hop,
And then proceeded as follows :
“ Now, I am free to admit
(For I am candid enough

Not to wish to pass myself off
For a saint, or an anchoret,)
That I have been quick, in my day
And somewhat disputatious,
My gracious !
Is that a case for Botany Bay ?
That I am fond of wheat, I own,
When I see it on the ground ;
Very easily found
When carelessly sown ;
And when it swings in the yellow ear,
In the golden time of the year,
I may stop to pick a grain or two.
All birds do that ; would n't you ?
But bless your soul ! you may safely say,
If opportunity makes the thief,
According to the common belief,
'T is little enough we get that way.
Now, ask yourself—all the year round,
When, in the sheaf, or on the ground,
No grain turns up
To put into crop,
But all is stored in the barn or bin,
Where sparrows cannot get in,—
Pray, what are we doing then ?
Where then do we get our meat and drink ?
O man ! man ! man ! 't is a show
How little you lords of creation know,
And how little you think !
Why, every intelligent *Rusticus*,
With an ounce of brain,
Knows that the *passer domesticus*,
Though he loves the grain,
Is insectivorous,
And, although in England some narrow heads
May offer rewards for sparrow-heads,

Yet, we are in better report
With farmers of a wiser sort.
It is an old tradition there
That, of our species, a single pair,
When breeding, destroy in one short week,
Four thousand caterpillars.
This is the food we seek
To feed our young ; saving thus, to the millers
And farmers, so much in grain
When the harvest comes again.
Now I ask my learned brother's decision,
In *re civium versus passerres*,
Whether services like these
Do not deserve some slight commission ;
And whether, or not,
We ought to be paid in powder and shot ? ”

Here Johnny stopped to sharpen his bill
On the windowstone,
As sparrows will,
When reflecting what is next to be done ;
Twisting his busy little head,
With many a sudden crook,
And with many a sharp, inquisitive look
To where I lay on my bed.
Then changing attitude,
After a sudden hop and a flutter,
Poised on one leg he stood,
As if waiting for our rebutter.

Said I : “ The points you make
Are very skilfully put,
And very artfully worded, but
You labor under a slight mistake ;
Your learning might have more weight
Were I a lawyer or magistrate.

But please withdraw ;
I am nothing of the sort ;
I plead at a higher court,
And teach a higher law."

" Pardon me, sir," he said,
With a bob of his little head ;
" Pardon my want of sense ;
How could I mistake your Reverence ?
But no words can express
My present happiness.
I 'm always delighted to meet, when I can,
With a clergyman.
Permit me to recall to mind
Those gracious words already quoted,
Wherein so clearly is denoted
The care of Heaven for our kind.
The psalmist David knew us well,
And on our habits loved to dwell.
Oft in affliction he sat aloof
With us on the lonely roof.
I watch, said he, *like a sparrow alone,*
On the house-top.
There often sadly he came up
To pray ; but never said Begone !
Nor dreamed that a sparrow could intrude
Upon the holiest solitude.
In that holy prophet's time, I find
That even the sacred temple court
Was made the resort
Of worshippers of our kind.
We hung our homes to pillar and beam ;
There with the sons of Korah we sang,
While the panelled cedar above us rang
With the praises of Elohim.
And this is the song that was sung :

*Lo, the sparrow hath found a rest,
Where she may lay her young ;
And the turtle hath built herself a nest
Where her little ones may lie,
Even thy altars, O Adonai !*

“ But the ancients have had their day ;
Let us see what modern society
Has to say,
Whether sparrows now walk the narrow way,
And practise piety.
There 's a singing sparrow in Congo,
Of whom the missionaries tell
(See Buffon, ‘ L'Histoire Naturelle ’),
And thus does the wild bird's song go :
‘ Va dritto ! ’—go right—such is his call,
Proclaiming the moral law to all.
In the heart of man this law
Is a song without words,
A trembling of voiceless chords,
An undefined, mysterious awe,
A language of the silent night
Sitting in judgment on the light.
But this little sparrow puts words to the song,
And sings them all day long.
‘ Va dritto ! ’—go right !
'T is the conscience of the wilderness.
To every thing that goeth there,
To every thing that groweth there,
He sings ; and only men transgress.

“ On the same African shore
A sweeter note is heard,
And a dearer word
Rings in the woods forevermore.
And still it is the sparrow's throat

That utters the note,
And names the name that men adore.
As soon as the morning wakes,
He sets up his song and sings.
Then through the forest and over the brakes
A heavenly music rings ;
But the magic of the sound
Which sanctifies that heathen ground
Is in the naming of a name
Which only one can claim—
'Jesu !' This is his morning hymn ;
And the Christian missionary there
Is roused from sleep with a call to prayer.
And when the day grows dim,
The sparrow sings this sweet curfew :
'Jesu ! Jesu !'
Then is it not true,—
Ere ever the sacred word was broken,
Ere ever a Christian tongue had spoken
On African ground, God was made known
To the heathen nations there,
And the poor negro learned a prayer
From a missionary of our own ?
With like intent,
By the same Great Father sent,
Hither this morning was I led
To sing at your sick-bed.
Had your heart listened, it might have heard
As dear a word,
As sweet a tune.
In the heart is grown
All the music of earth and sky.
I hope you will be well soon.
Good-bye !"

ETERNITY.

What art thou, O Eternity ?
Show thy true face to me.
For now thou hidest from my thought,
By thy grandeur overwrought,
And all distraught.
Let my soul see thee as thou art.
No longer crouch a shapeless error,
A nameless terror,
A dusky shadow on my heart.
Art thou composed of time and motion ?
Is thy vast magnitude
Made up of increase, number, multitude ;
Like an ideal ocean,
Whose waves successive speed forevermore,
Each after each,
Yet never reach,
Nor ever quit a shore ?
Is endless time eternity ?

Spake a low voice to me
Nearer than my thought :
“ Motion and time to me are naught.
These are measures of the creature.
The mind of man
Can never span
An attribute, or act, or feature
Of a life like mine.
For I am God ; and my eternity
Is but an attribute of my divinity,
And like myself divine.
I move at my own good pleasure,
My flight as long as fleet ;
And when my wings I beat,

What thought of man can measure
The length of their vibration,
Or register in counterpart
The throbbing of my mighty heart,
And number its duration ?
O vain endeavor
To map and plan, by rule and rod,
The years of God !
I am, I am, I am forever.
My life no past, no future claims ;
Eternity is one of my names.'

In God we live ; yet not like His our living.
Our being flows in His which has no tide.
On a calm breast we ride
Which, life and movement to us giving,
Taketh itself no motion.
Thus on the surface of the ocean
The light waves flow
As the breezes blow ;
They stretch themselves from crest to crest,
But measure only their own unrest.
Beneath their superficial strife
The untroubled deep
Its calm doth keep,
Held by a mightier life.

PICTURES ON THE MANTEL.

Old and feeble, and nearly blind,
Shrunk and shattered in body and mind,
A leafless wintry tree ;
Before me a vacant desert spread,
Behind me a garden whose flowers are dead,
But death comes slow to me.

In that frame above the mantel there,
From under gray locks of flowing hair,
Two searching eyes outpeer.
Is it a smile, or is it a frown ?
Ah ! Father, would it were either one,
If only thou wert here.

On the left I see another face,
In antique cap of pleated lace.
How sadly sweet, and blest !
Lone lie the caverns of the heart,
Slow drag the listless years apart,
Since she laid down to rest.

Sure, she has something to say to me,
Some thought she would convey to me,
Some warning, or word of faith.
Dear mother, speak, if you may, to me !
Mute effort of love ! this way to me
Comes not one wave of breath.

Between the two hangs the old homestead,
With pines and elm-trees overspread.
How still and solemn their shade !
Is it the stillness of vacant death,
Or throbbing life that holds its breath
In memory of the dead ?

As I gaze, the dear old home grows bright ;
The windows gleam with life and light ;
Feet move across the floor ;
Sweet faces peer through the window-pane ;
The buried years come back again,
And I am young once more.

What breath stirred up that dying brand,
And cast a light on every hand,
To cheer my lonely room ?

Ah ! me,—'t is gone with that one gleam,
And with it fades my joyous dream,
To leave my soul in gloom.

Fond dreams of faded joy, adieu !
I 'll sit the weary night-watch through,
Though it be dark and lone.
Father in heaven ! I turn to thee.
Light of the lonely ! cheer thou me,
Until this night be gone !

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Holy God, we praise Thy name !
Lord of all, we bow before Thee !
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in heaven above adore Thee ;
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

Hark ! the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are raising !
Cherubim and Seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the Heavens with sweet accord ;
Holy ! Holy ! Holy Lord !

Lo ! the Apostolic train
Join, Thy sacred name to hallow !
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed Martyrs follow ;
And from morn to set of sun
Through the Church the song goes on.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
Though in essence only one

Undivided God we claim Thee ;
And adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

Thou art King of Glory, Christ !
Son of God, yet born of Mary ;
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary ;
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.

From Thy high celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that thou shalt come
On the dreadful Doomsday morning
When Thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled dead come forth.

Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded ;
Keep us without sin to-day ;
Never let us be confounded !
Lo ! I put my trust in Thee ;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

CHILDREN AT THE CRIB.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

What lovely Infant can this be,
That in the little crib I see ?
So sweetly on the straw it lies,
It must have come from Paradise.

Who is that Lady kneeling by,
And gazing on so tenderly ?
Oh, that is Mary ever blest ;
How full of joy her holy breast !

What Man is that who seems to smile,
And look so blissful all the while?
'T is holy Joseph, good and true,
The Infant makes him happy too.

What makes the crib so bright and clear?
What voices sing so sweetly here?
Ah ! see behind the window-pane
The little angels looking in !

Who are those people kneeling down,
With crooked sticks, and hands so brown ?
The shepherds. On the mountain top
The little angels woke them up.

The ox and ass, how still and mild
They stand beside the Holy Child !
His little body underneath
They warm so kindly with their breath.

Hail, holy cave ! though dark thou be,
The world is lighted up from thee !
Hail, Holy Babe ! creation stands,
And moves upon Thy little hands.

THEREIN.

A SONG.

I know a valley fair and green,
Wherein, wherein
A clear and winding brook is seen ;
Therein
The village street stands in its pride,
With a row of elms on either side,
Therein.
They shade the village green.

In the village street there is an inn,
Wherein, wherein
The landlord sits in bottle-green,
Therein.
His face is like a glowing coal,
And his paunch is like a swelling bowl.
Therein
Good ale is stored, I ween.

The inn has a cosy fireside,
Wherein, wherein
The huge andirons stand astride,
Therein.
When the air is raw of a winter's night,
The fire on the hearth shines bright
Therein.
'T is sweet to be therein.

The landlord sits in his old arm-chair
Therein, therein ;
And the blaze shines through his yellow hair
Therein.
There cometh Lawyer Bickerstith,
And the village doctor, and the smith.
Therein
Full many a tale they spin.

They talk of fiery Sheridan's raid,
Therein, therein ;
And hapless Baker's ambuscade,
Therein ;
The grip by which Grant throttled Lee,
And Sherman's famous march to the sea.
Therein
Great fights are fought again.

The landlord has a daughter fair

Therein, therein.

In ringlets falls her glossy hair

Therein.

When they speak in her ear she tosses her head ;

When they look in her eye she hangs the lid

Therein.

She does not care a pin.

I know the maiden's heart full well.

Therein, therein

Pure thoughts and holy wishes dwell,

Therein.

I see her at church on bended knee ;

And well I know she prays for me

Therein.

Sure, that can be no sin.

Our parish church has a holy priest

Therein, therein.

When he sings the mass, he faces the east

Therein.

On Sunday next he will face the west,

When Annie and I go up abreast,

Therein,

And carry our wedding-ring.

And when we die, as die we must ;

Therein, therein

The priest will pray o'er the breathless dust,

Therein ;

And our graves will be planted side by side.

But the hearts that loved shall not abide

Therein,

But love in heaven again.

THE SARATOGA PINES.

Lo me in the old grove again !
In sweet society, but not of men.
How familiar, yet how odd, to me
These pines that round me gather !
They seem to know and nod to me,
As they knew and nodded to my Father
Long ago.
He loved them ; and I know
That then they whispered in his ear
With the same familiar confidence
They show me since.
The young and giddy cannot hear
What they say ; for it is only
To the old, and lonely,
The groves confide their history.
To us they unlock the mystery
Of life, and death, and love, and pride,
That in their dusky archives hide.
I know these relics of the forest well ;
I know their speech,
And I can tell
What each says to each
When stirred, and what they think when still.

I have seen them in commotion,
Roused by some tale of woe
Or wrong, when they swayed to and fro,
As when some common strong emotion
Urges a human crowd from healthful quiet
To passion and mad riot.
Indignant then they lift their boughs ;
Sullenly they knit their brows ;

Wild threats they utter beneath ;
Curses they mutter between their teeth ;
Their needles hiss with scorn and hate ;
Their cones vibrate,
And seem to spit and spin
With the fury they are in.
'T is the orator winds that blow,
The demagogue winds, that stir them so.
So terribly are they sometimes swayed
That I have been afraid
To sit below,
Lest their wild mood might end,
Like that of the King of Macedon
(Mad tyrant on a drunken throne),
In the death of a friend.

I have seen them shiver with coward fear ;
As children do, of a winter's night,
When eagerly bending down to hear
A tale of murder, or ghost in white.
They crowd their tufted heads together,
Then start away in sudden fright,
And hither sway, and thither.
They would fly, if they might,
From some grim presence in the wood
That cramps the air with a chill ;—
A ghost perhaps from McGregor's hill,
That bodes no weal to the neighborhood
But always and only ill.

I have seen them as still as death ;
A stillness calm and deep,
Far stiller than any natural sleep ;
A perfect suppression of breath ;
Life anchored in a trance ;
Thought gathered into a single glance,

And fixed, by a crystallization
Which is given to some, at precious times,
When the love-lightened spirit climbs
To meet with God in contemplation.
Such is the prayer of the trees.
Oh ! solemn the silence of pines in prayer !
I have seen them so still I would not dare
To whisper, except upon my knees ;
For I felt that God was in the grove,
And that man, beast, bird, tree, flower,
Are sheltered by one mighty power,
And one familiar love.

To-day a light air, born of the calm,
Moves eastward, and the boughs are stirred,
And throb, like the strings of a harpsichord
When the heart is feeling for a psalm
Which slower thought has not matured.
The inspiration gathers slow ;
The notes at first are shy and low ;
The needles, softly fluttered,
Now fall, now rise
With a bashful enterprise
That dies away as soon as uttered.
Yet hark ! Now they yield to the influence
Of the swelling breeze ;
And, gathering confidence
From the fellowship of trees,
The notes rise high and strong ;
All fear is lost in the soul of song ;
Flows out the genius of the pine
In all the forms that genius gives,
And every needle and cone receives
The impetus divine.
A lofty anthem fills the grove ;
The giant trunks are all inspired ;

Each to its inmost ring is fired
With love.
O God ! the grand old pine,
Though passionate, is no infidel.
He knows Thee well ;
And his faithful heart is Thine.

I love these tall columnal pines.
I grieve to see how fast they 're going,
And in their place prim maples growing,
Choked into sentiment by vines ;
Or elms thick set in formal lines.
These may suit whims of modern wealth
But their life is lower than the pine's.
And they lack its balmy health.
Alas ! I name one single change,
Where many things are growing strange.
Broadway is crowded now with faces
Of a type we never knew
In the olden time. Only a few
Remain, like the pines, in their old places.
Poor exiles of the heart, they wait
At home, to see home emigrate.
They feel their way through the familiar street ;
Anxious they search the passers-by,
Yet with a far-off light in the eye.
What they miss they 'll never meet.
Their longing hearts cannot receive
A sympathy they cannot give.
Like the pines they are jostled out
By a younger growth that needs them not.
So all life ends.
So pass old trees ; so pass old friends.
Yea, the great world will have had its day,
Like these, then pass away.
Oh ! say, where all glides to one night,

What value has fame in the flight ?
Brief life ! Brief record after death !
Yet happy I, could this be mine :—
A life as lofty as the pine,
And balmy as its breath.

WRETCHED POVERTY.

I.

Three lodgers, gaunt and grim,
Hunger, and shame, and gloom,
Inhabit the poor man's home.
These many years they lodge with him,
They share his lot,
They occupy all that he has got,
They board at his table, they lie on his couch,
Before the fire with him they crouch
To stir the dying embers ;
And often they rake into a blaze
Some sleeping pain,
And he remembers
The early and innocent days
That cannot come again.

Helpless to work, hopeless to think,
He has no thought,
He cares for naught
In the whole wide world but drink.
Where is his wife ? She lies prostrate
Where, with an oath and blow, he laid her.
His son ? Ask at the prison gate.
His daughter ? Ask the man that betrayed her.
Where is his faith ? It has flown.
To him God and faith are unknown.

Of friends in heaven, on earth, not one
Is left. He is all alone.
Here all is bare and desolate,
Here misery is complete.

Oh ! there are Christian men who know
Of all this hunger, and sin, and woe,
And find nothing to do.
They say that nothing can be done,
In such a case, by any one.
God's mercy ! is this true ?
Are they so conscience free ? are you ?

II.

Three gloomy, ghostly shadows, that pass
By the poor man's hut,
Look in through the window glass
As he looks out.
The first is "Life without Faith";
The second is "Dying Breath";
And the third is "The Second Death."
Sternly they look into his eyes
As they go by ;
But his heart of stone
Sends to heaven no groan,
And, when they are gone, no sigh.
Alas ! alas !
What strange things pass
Beneath the wondering sky !
But, more than doom of death, I dread
The look of a human eye
Whence the hope of heaven has fled.

My God ! is there no help for this,
No remedy anywhere
In human effort or in grace ?

Say, must this hopelessness
Needs end in wild despair ?
Can I do nothing there ?
Surely, mere want can be relieved,
A gloomy spirit may be brightened,
Errors may be retrieved,
A darkened mind can be enlightened,
Cures have been found for the heart's blindness,
There is a mighty force in love
To melt and move,
Where love is only human kindness ;
Then oh ! what power to beguile
The heart, and bid it live,
Is lodged in the light of that infinite smile
Which is named grace,
Which beams on the Saviour's face,
And which only He can give !

LOVE WITH A GUN.

“ Fetch me my gun, little woman ; quick !
I go to the woods.” “ Let it stand,
Dear Uncle ; for, well I know, in your hand,
It is more innocent than a stick ;
Ha ! ha !
More innocent than a stick.”

“ Give me the gun, little Nell, all the same.
I go to the woods, not to kill ;
I go to conquer a tyrant will,
And with love to capture my game,
Little Miss,
With love to capture my game.”

“ Oh ! teach me, dear Uncle, this exercise ;
I too would be a huntress whiles.
How grand ! to shoot down eagles with smiles ;
And kill great lions with my eyes !
Ha ! ha !
Kill lions with my eyes ! ”

“ Such gunnery, girl, is unchristian sport,
And argues cruelty of will ;
Yea, though heedless beauty doth often kill,
It also may get badly hurt,
Little Maid,
It also may get hurt.

“ Then drive that evil thought away.
Fear to do hurt ; fear to take harm.
Our lives lean on a genule arm
That loves to save, though strong to slay.
O, giant arm,
How strong to save or slay !

“ Earth,—skies,—are stored with fiery death ;
Vast magazines of mighty Heaven.
Yet earth is steady, skies move even ;
Safely we walk above, beneath.
Strong love
Guards all, above, beneath.

“ 'T is a lesson I take to the woods with me
Some fallen trunk,—a giant asleep—
Holds my sleeping gun, while my watch I keep
For the game that love brings to me ;
Do you see ?
The game love brings to me.

“ All is silent at first. But very soon
My friends of the forest come stealing in ;
The robin, the crow, the woodcock, the wren,
The rabbit, the curious squirrel, the coon ;
Stealing in
To look at me and my gun.

“ I am King of the woods. My throne is a log.
The sparrows peer into the bore of my gun.
The squirrels throw shells, in familiar fun,
At me their Monarch, and at my dog.
Ha ! ha !
So I rule with my gun and my dog.

“ And they sing, they sing ; each sings in his turn
That power is grand, when Love is Lord ;
And they hail the fire divinely stored,
With will to bless, and force to burn ;
Gentle fire,
Blessing all, with power to burn.”

THE DAYS OF GENESIS.

PROEM.

Deem not these days primordial spanned by time.
Range not the bells of Genesis to chime
With science. What are ages, years, or days
To eyes prophetic, but sacred ways
To teach high law and holy truth to man ?
All life leads back to Him who drew life's plan
Untabled. Bound by one high behest,
The prophet ranged his tablets as he list.

Creation was his theme ; and from inspired tongue
Burst this grand burden in a solemn song,
 With intervals of choral praise ;
 And the intervals are days.

DAY I.

In the beginning God made heaven and earth.
Void was creation at its earliest birth,
Lonely and dark, an ocean without shore.
Perpetual midnight brooded evermore
Upon a waste of waters. The primeval sleep
Of death hung on the eyelids of the deep.
No life as yet. Blind forces drove or drew
By laws which even dull inertia knew.
Grand in his purposes, but all unused to urge,
A mighty Smith slow plied the kindling forge.
“ Be light ! ” Quick through the world the fiat rang,
And wakened Nature into lustre sprang.
A soft enchantment flooded pregnant space.
Giving blind chaos body, itself bodiless.
The eddying atoms rolled in wreaths of light,
Taking all vision needs save only sight.
Creation had no eye, not yet were wrought
Those crystal caves where sense distils to thought ;
But all unseen a lone though luminous world
Of mustering meteors into order whirled.
 Evening and morn, day one.
 But the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY II.

Hung the deep heavens in shrouds of vapor dressed.
The earth was blanketed in watery mist.
Far overhead, slow gathering in their robes,
The shapeless meteors crystallised into globes.
God spake : Divide, O waste of waters, here ;
Make space for a clear sky and a free atmosphere.

Westward, ye heavens, in endless circle sweep,
And, like a roof, arch in this lower deep ;
And thou, O sea, lapped in thy caves remain
Without a shore until I speak again.

Evening and morn. 'T is done,
Yet the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY III.

What vision saw that wondrous eve and morn
When from the ocean-bed the lands were born ?
What mighty hand lifted the deep sea caves,
And made the islands bud above the waves ?
These grew to continents. Along the ocean floor
Deep currents spread the wastings of the shore
In ridges vast. Slow throbbings of the earth
Upheaving these, to mountain chains gave birth.
Green spread the grass and trees o'er the young
land.

Oh ! gentle were the fingers of that mighty hand.
A third day's labor done,
But the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY IV.

Now lift our thoughts to the round heaven above,
Where sun, moon, stars by law in order move.
They mark our time. The sun by day gives light,
A softer radiance rules the veiled night.
God made all these. O Israel, lend no ear
To heathen myths or philosophic sneer.
Stars are not deities ; nor do they draw
Their being from unlegislated law.
Creatures of God are they ; and Him, glad throng
Of worshippers, they praise with waltz and song.

Day fourth. A work well done,
But the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY V.

Oh ! who can chronicle what ages long
The woods have thrilled with winged love and
 song ;
How long, with threads of sunshine in their wake,
The gamesome fish embroider stream and lake ?
And tell me, science, did some 'prentice hand
Engrave such forms on the Silurian strand,
Give warlike morion to the trilobite,
And eyes that gleamed from cones of jewelled
 light ?
Vast is Thy work, O God, graded Thy plan ;
But high-wrought types of life with earliest life
 began.
 A fifth day come and gone,
 But the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY VI.

Said God : Open thy womb, thou barren earth ;
To beasts that walk, and things that creep, give birth.
Rallied red dust to life. " 'T is good," the Maker
 said ;
" Now from the same dull mould let man be made.
Nature lacks nothing save a lawful lord,
And let him bear our image." At the word
Stood man upon his heritage, soil made and soul.
Child of the soil, 't is his the earth to rule ;
Child, too, of heaven, to high hopes early blessed.
'T is his to work with God, with God to rest.
 Lo, the Smith's labor done !
 God's Sabbath has begun.

DAY VII.

Blest is the Sabbath-day. Hushed is the hive
Of busy life. Now the still heart may live.

Vanish the phantom forms of yesterday,
And unreal living to true life gives way.
God speaks to silent hearts. Ah ! look and see
Beyond this near horizon. Let eternity
Tell what is earth, and life, and man ; and why
Creation creeps thus low beneath a lofty sky ;
And wherefore that slow week of work was blessed ;
And why it ended in a Sabbath's rest.

O Christ ! I wait the dawn.

Bring my slow Sabbath on !

NIGHT WATCHING.

The clock strikes Nine. I sink to rest
Upon a soft and bolstered bed.
Jesus, what pillow held Thy head !
What couch Thy breast !

The clock strikes Ten. With sleepless eye
I stare into a spaceless gloom.
Come hither, wandering soul ; stay home.
Voices are nigh.

Eleven. Peace ! needless monitor.
Oh ! when the heart looks through her tears,
To gaze upon the eternal years,
What is an hour ?

'T is midnight. No ; 't is holy noon.
Love and sweet duty make the day.
Night rules, with these two suns away ;
Night, and no moon.

Another hour, and yet no sleep.
The darkness glows with solemn light.
How full of language is the night !
And life how deep !

Already Two o'clock ! Well, well ;
Myself and I have met at last,
After long absence ; and the past
Has much to tell.

Ring out ! Ring out ! My watch I keep.
O night, I feel thy sacred power !
How crowded is each holy hour
Borrowed from sleep !

One, Two, Three, Four ! Ye speak to ears
That hear but heed not how ye roll.
The hours that measure for the soul
Are spaced by tears.

Strikes Five. Night's solemn shroud of crape
Begins to fill with threads of gray ;
And, stealing on those threads away,
My joys escape.

O stay with me ! I fear the light,
With all its sins, and gay unrest.
Sweeter the calm and conscious breast
Of holy night.

THE TRAMP.

I know a little maiden
Whose voice is soft and low,
But whose feet, like the feet of a tramp,
Are always on the go.

Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
Up and down for evermore,
On through the streets, up by the steps,
Up to some garret floor.

Woe, gazing out to that sweet face,
Forgets the inward pain,
And, chastened by those calm blue eyes,
Sin worships God again.

And reverently to his iron brow
The prisoner lifts his hand,
And on the hopeless child of shame
Gleams light from the happy land.

So up and down, and in and out,
Through alleys dark and narrow,
Mi-lady Bounty goes about
In search of sin and sorrow.

I said : " Are you the wandering Jew ?
Is this a spell, a doom ?
Are you bound to travel without rest
Until the Saviour come ?

" What need of so much tramping ?
Wise hearts will rest, and wait.
Where too much is given to loving,
Is not this to dissipate !

" Know, ' charity begins at home,'
And by surcharge decreases."
But those burning little feet
Overtrod my exegesis.

Her only answer was a smile,
So sweetly and serenely gay
That never, under cloudless sky,
Reigned such untroubled day.

And I, ashamed of questioning
Where grace had all decided,
Stood from the way, and blessed the light
By which those feet were guided.

Another time I said : " Dear maid,
This thing needs explanation.
To every Christian soul God gives
Some definite vocation.

" Now where is yours ? in the great world,
Or where the cloister lilies grow ? "
Right merrily she laughed, and said ;
" Pray, tell me, sir, if you know."

What could I say ? What can I say ?
No vow, no veil, no convent grate
Guards either busy eyes or feet,
But free as air they circulate.

Yet, somehow fenced, that gentle smile
Admits no rude intrusion.
'T is love's outlook from a cloistered heart
That rules its own seclusion.

So I leave her to her own daylight ;
But my soul bounds betimes
When those sunny eyes go by with smiles,
And those roving shoes sing rhymes.

And this is my faith : Can I but make
My way to the golden door,
I shall know the beat of two busy feet
Upon the spirit floor.

THE UNKNOWABLE.

They tell us God can never be made known ;
That every thought of Him we try to frame
Must of necessity be false ; His august name
Itself out of gross ignorance is grown.
He is the Unknowable ; He has no throne ;
Religion is the soul's midnight, no more ;
We can but bow before a darkened door
Which meets all worship with a hollow groan.

If this were so, how chill, how drear, how bare
Would this our life be left ! A stifled cry ;
A star astray in space without a sky ;
A sky dismantled and without a star ;
Wings fluttering wild against a prison bar ;
Nothing this side to which the heart can cling.
Nothing beyond to which a grief can sing,
And in sweet song forget its load of care.

Thanks to the gleaming skies ! it is not so—
This undigested prate of learned quackery,
Heart's night-scare, honest reason's mockery.
Back, phantom, to the fog where thou didst grow !
Here thou art naught. My God I know ;
His breath I feel ; His voice I hear ;
He has been with me always, still is near,
Nearer than aught vain science hath to show.

I knew Thee, Lord, before myself I knew.
My soul's first acquisition was the sense of want.
I struggled into life's arena with a pant.
My eager hands into the void I threw,
Hoping to draw Thee into closer view ;
And, when I found my feeble efforts fail,

Self-conscious made by failure, with a wail
I claimed the bliss I could not reach unto.

Always to Love divine my love laid claim.
I saw it gleaming through my Mother's eyes,
Heaven couched within those lower skies,
Vailing itself indeed from sensual aim,
Yet lighting so their domes with depth of flame
That finite love drew back into the boundless,
And the approaching Infinite, though soundless,
A conscious presence to my soul became.

I claim an inborn sense of boundless power.
Ah ! soon I learned that I myself was weak,
Helpless to take what my high heart did seek.
The consciousness of less grew from the vast MORE ;
Bounds rose where spread the unlimited before.
The knowledge thus acquired of force finite
Threw my soul back upon her first insight
To feed a sense which hungered to adore.

Then came the light of faith, boon rich and rare,
Appealing both to insight and to outer sense,
And making both to breed a rich experience.
The earliest altar where my faith took air
Itself was nothing but a knee ; yet there
I bowed my knees, and found a sacred throne ;
And, strong in faith, as at an altar stone,
Through a sweet priestess offered my first prayer.

Know Thee ! O God, the tale is all too old,
How much we know. Earth, air, skies ring
With Thee. All creatures band in choirs to sing
Of Thee. The Bible gleams like burning gold
Revealing Thee. Gray history to faith foretold,
Ages ago by twilight, Thy grand scheme

A world of ruined sinners to redeem,
Showing Thyself to man in human mould.

We know Thee infinitely mighty, free, good, sage,
Just, faithful, merciful, long patient to endure,
Changeless, and passionless. These marks are
sure.

Time takes naught, adds naught to Thy heritage ;
Gives to Thy life no growth ; full is Thy foliage.
Oh ! say ; in all the vast skies overarch,
Is there so much to know, so much rewarding
search,

As Sacred Science shows on her broad page ?

O God ! make thou me wise, and truly wise ;
Not cyphering destinies by starry courses,
Building eternal laws on chemic forces,
To molecules reducing throbbing mysteries ;
But give me wings to range through higher skies.
Teach me that science of which Thou art sun ;
Oh ! Light so early given, so surely known,
Surpassing my weak sight, yet glistening in my
eyes.

LEAVE TO LOVE.

A PRAYER.

They say that she is an idol,
And that my heart is wild,
And they seek to measure and bridle
My love for my child.
A reflection only, not feature,
Of that beauty which I should adore,
They say that I equal this creature
To the Creator, and more.

They wonder Thou dost not remove her
And take her away from me.
Lord ! I ask leave to love her,
And promise to love her in Thee.

In her my fond heart traces
A life's geography,
The mapping of dear loved faces
That once were a world to me.
My quickened thought through her replaces
Each well remembered line ;
And, save the beauty and softened graces,
(They tell me) much is mine.
My homestead she. In her I recover
My father's legacy.
Lord ! I ask leave to love her,
And promise to love her in Thee.

Lord ! Thou dost scatter the morning rays
Into needles of gold and white.
Thy stars at evening cleave their ways,
One by one, through the thin twilight,
Till, like a target, the sky is riven
With thick-strewn wounds of light.
I read of Thee, God, in this crowded heaven—
Grand volumes of day and night.
So I read in my girl of the God above her
Who gave the dear gift to me.
Lord ! I ask leave to love her,
And promise to love her in Thee.

O Christ, art Thou not truly human ;
The child of Mary, though divine ;
Drawing full manhood from a woman ?
Yea, that sweet life gave mould to Thine,

Thy heart, all conscious of its kind,
Throbs with our throbbing nature,
Yet never ranges Heaven behind
Or underneath the creature.
So I love my child ; but far before her,
My God, Thou art near to me !
I would not, I do not adore her ;
Give me leave to love her in Thee !

Two eyes look out from a photograph
Two eyes look down on me ;
Since they can love, since they can laugh,
Can they not also see ?
Often God speaks through the young.
May not this picture have a tongue
To speak to me,
And solve my doubts ? I bend my ear.
I listen. Naught can I hear.
No oracle is there.
God sends no answer to my prayer.
Is she an idol ? I fear, I fear
My love is not lawful.
Oh ! 't would be awful
To take my death from one so dear !
Go deep, my soul, if thou wouldst keep her,
And give thy conscience rest.
Down to the centre of thy breast !
Deeper ! down deeper !

ANSWER TO THE PRAYER.

“ Wilt love thy child for her true good,
Or for thine own delight ?
Wilt fetter her young womanhood,
Make her thy satellite ?

I am sole centre of her orbit,
The guidance of her life is mine ;
I give thee no leave to absorb it
With a sponge's love into thine."
Lord ! take her ; keep her ; lead her ; move her ;
Her path is free.
I only ask leave to love her
In Thee.

" And if I give her to another,
Knot her by marriage vow
Stronger than claim of father or mother ;
Wilt take thy place calmly now ?—
In lieu of the early ties that bound her,
See a new hearth-stone glow,
New faces close in love around her,
Nearer and dearer than thou ?"
New faces may gather, new homes may cover
The heart that once leaned on me ;
God keep her ! I ask but to love her
In Thee.

" And if I call her maiden heart
To solitude and prayer,
Teach her to choose the better part
With Mary ? Wilt leave her there ?
With frequent footstep will thou come
On her silent life to intrude ?
Or seek to move near to thy worldly home
The walls of her solitude ?
And thus, sly hypocrite, recover
Thine Indian gift to me ?"
Lord ! no ! I only ask to love her
In Thee.

" And if I choose to paralyze
Her life while it is young ;

Close to the light those speaking eyes,
And muffle that sweet tongue ?
Wilt thou rebel ? 'T is I that gave.
Mine is it to recall."
Nay, Lord ! I know Thee strong to save.
Take her to Thee ! Take all !
My tears shall water the grass that grows over
All the world held of me.
Yet, near or far, give me leave to love her
In Thee !

I looked at the picture. A smile of surprise
Lighted up with sudden glow.
It mounted to the sunny eyes,
And to the bower of curls that rise
Above her brow.
Her arms she stretched out wide and free,
Like a bird that would fly to me.
But here the beautiful vision ended ;
The arms remained extended
As if hanging to a tree ;
The lips, so lately gleesome and glad,
Grew as suddenly sad ;
I saw the fair head stooping,
And the eyelids drooping,
Like those of the Man of woe.
But I know ; but I know,
However the knowledge came to me,
That I have leave, Lord, to love her,—
In Thee.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

I.

Fair as the moon by night,
And brighter than the noon-day sun,
Sweet Mary stands alone
In a flood of light.
From her creation ;
From life's first, earliest vibration ;
From that first feeble palpitation
Of a new life unseen, unknown,
Except by God alone,
She bore no mark of the primal curse.
No taint from any source ;
No stain of sin
Wrought by herself, nor inbred and original,
Marred that sweet body, fair and virginal,
Or the pure soul within.
In this beauty of her state
She stands the glory of her race,
Pure, holy, innocent, immaculate,
And full of grace.
In every quality of soul
A matchless perfect whole ;
In every line and feature
A faultless, though a finite, creature.

In truth 't is easy to believe
In this exemption of Christ's holy mother
From the birth-sin engendered by the other,
The first and guilty Eve.
It was a gift that could be given
As readily as when, at the font,

The water falls on the infant's front,
 And the pardon falls from Heaven.
 It was a simple, unconditioned fact,
 With only one party to the act.
 All-powerful was God to render ;
 Helpless sweet Mary's soul to hinder.
 Hail Mary ! From thy orient
 As spotless as the snow !
 And hail the grace which did prevent,
 And made thee so !

II.

There is, according to my thought,
 A harder problem here, which brings
 My uttermost imaginings
 To naught.
 When I recall that saintly life
 Of Mary, mother, daughter, wife,—
 And when I try to trace
 Its golden thread,
 As if the perfect web lay spread
 Before my face ;
 When, above all,
 I set me to recall
 Her life-long perseverance
 In spotless innocence and moral beauty,
 By the working of her own sweet will ;
 Her close adherence
 To God's dear love, and prayer and daily duty ;
 Through doubt and sorrow faithful still ;
 Perfect in all ;—
 When I recall
 The matchless merit
 Of that sweet spirit,
 Aided indeed by grace, but always free :—
 Oh, then 't is hard for me,

All sick with error,
To master my surprise ;
To lift my eyes
From the dark mirror
Where my own life reflected lies
Up to that radiant zodiac
Where, like the moon in silver light
Around the darkened globe,
She moved through life in her own sweet track,
In her own white robe,
Queen of the night.

O Mary, full of grace,
Help me (for I am weak)
To follow in thy trace !
Thy prayers, dear Mother, I bespeak.
If thou wilt plead for this,
I cannot miss
To find, some day, the home I seek.

BEAUTY.

Lady, thou art wondrous fair ;
Thy features beam with life that speaks ;
An aureole doth glorify thy hair,
And turns to golden red on lip and cheeks.
Yet,—now I look again with care,
A better judgment tells me : No,
The soul of beauty is left out somewhere.
It was a passing dream. Go ! go !
Thou art not beautiful. I cannot bear
So bright a vision undeveloped so.

Stay ! Shall I tell thee, lady, what dost lack ?
What turns into deformity thy grace ;

Beclouds the sunshine of thy face,
 And makes thy lilies black ?
 The God of beauty better knows,
 Who planted all thy garden grows
 Of beauty. Ask Him in thy prayer.
 Perhaps too little sky, want of pure air ;
 Thou hast allowed the damp of earth to rise,
 And quench the earlier glory of thine eyes.

Lady, God made thee lovely, and for love ;
 In crystal waters drowned thy native stain ;
 With light adorned thy soul, a gleaming grove
 Of faith, and golden hopes, that might detain
 Angelic eyes to wonder ; shaped thy hands
 To works of piety, and charitable toil,
 And sweet obedience to thy Lord's commands.
 Thou seemedst like blest Mary for a while.
 Alas ! now all is gone that was grace given.
 Coarse gems displace the jewelry of Heaven.

A LETTER

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

ALBANY, Feb. 22, 1883.

GENTLEMEN :—

Bravely you 've done your work, and bravely shall
 be paid

In such coin as you value and best know.

Go, gentlemen, report to the constituent trade

That sent you here, and take your *quid pro quo*.

Assembled bondsmen of the brewery and still,

Ye 've done your work with skill ;

This meed your masters will accord you.

They who have seen in secret your good-will

Will openly reward you ;
In sweet remembrance they 'll embalm you.
What matter now if, veiled behind the dark,
God's grand election day, for this day's dirty work,
Should damn you ?

Go to your homes ! Fires there maybe shine
bright.

There 's comfort in their warm and cheerful glow.
Despair broods over many a heart to-night.

Cold creeps the wind o'er many a hearth ye know.

Ah ! what will light the scowl on that dark brow ?

Oh ! who will drive the demon from that door ?

Who will compensate for that parent's woe ?

Take from remembrance that fierce oath, that
blow,

Which struck a wife and mother to the floor ?

Who will give clothing, who give needed bread

To that pale, starved, and shivering multitude,

Unsheltered, unbefriended clusters of childhood

Made orphans, not by death, but a death-dealing
trade ?

Your votes to-day have given to some new life ;

But grief to many more. Wait ! Watch !

To see what yet may come to your door latch.

Look to that child of yours ! Look to that wife !

Think you the grass will always grow so green

Beside your walk, yet leave the walk so clean ?

Will judgment, held by mercy always stay ?

Your Honors have made good men grieve to-day

That wish no grief to you save to heal sin ;

Yet, for all earth owns, would not these be in

The blood trail tracking from your council hall.

O God, Thy ways are holy !

"All silently and slowly

Thy mills do grind, but grind exceeding small."

Go smiling to your homes. If Christians, thence
to church.

First, smooth your faces to devotion at the porch ;
Then enter boldly. Leave your true selves outside
With your constituencies, gain, ambition, pride,
Masked falsehood, fear of man, intrigue's subtended
torch,

The cant professional which hides the mind,
The honest brow before, the open palm behind.
Leave outside also your time-honored saw :
" Heaven has no rights that reach to civil law."
Meet God with cleanly faces ; cover the dirt
Upon your bosoms with a spotless shirt ;
And as ye kneel before the altar there,
Breathe whiffs of pepperminted praise and prayer.
Talk freely of amending ;—will do better ; ah !
For your dear lives suppress one inconvenient fact.
Say nothing of that " Act entitled an Act
To amend an Act entitled an Act, *et cetera*."
Say not that your most honorable endorsement
(When once the Honorable Senate shall concur,
And his high Excellency the Governor)
Has put a law of mercy past enforcement ;
That now no longer Officers of a City
May answer to a Nation's cry for pity ;
But only secret scouts can tell aright
Why Sunday windows gleam with lurid light.

Go home till Monday, and to your Masters tell
How well ye wrought, and give in your week's bill.
But oh ! be sure that pens are taking notes
Where conscience has no price, and hell no votes ;
Where legislation rules that interest cannot shape,
Where codes are made to bind, not to escape.
Ay ! there may come a day, even here on earth,
When your repeal's repeal shall thunder forth ;

When traders that resented all restriction,
Would have no limits to their greed though largely
 granted,
Shall have no more allotted, but be hunted,
Like wolves by forest law, to interdiction.
God grant relief ! Come gracious revolution !
The thunderbolt brings rain as well as retribution.
 Valete !

JOHN BIRD, of Albany.

TRUE LOVE.

Two lovers made love to Beauty,
Lord Sentiment and loyal Duty.
The first gazed wildly into the skies
Which smiled through Beauty's eyes,
And, forward made by lawless fire,
And heedless to her deep abhorring,
Seized the queen rudely by her attire,
 Now chiding, now imploring.
But Duty watched her lily hand,
Content to die at her command,
 Content to live adoring.

Then came to my soul a revealing—
That fealty is better than feeling.
For as Nature throws aside her cloak
When the north frost is broke,
 And steps into the summer,
 So Beauty, changing humor,
Stepped smiling from her virgin throne,
And stood revealed in golden zone,
 With her mantle fallen from her.

And, in the glow of a far light
That gleamed through the tissues of starlight,
She showed me, close folded to her breast,
Meek Duty, a cherished guest,
 With his head on her bosom lying.
Came then a Voice, like the coo of a dove :
“ Who dies for me shall be my love,
 And find his life in dying ! ”

THE CHRISTIAN MUSE.

I.

I said to my Muse : Oh, sing !
And she sang all day.
She summoned to her fairy ring
Each grand, or strange, or beautiful thing,
As fancy or feeling led the way.
All nature shows of sight and sound
Into some new wreath she deftly wound,
Then cast aside in changeful play
As fast as found.
She sang how the bickering sparrows meet,
When snow brings famine to the street ;
How they wrangle together like wrangling men ;
How they start, and flutter, and light again,
Till suddenly all are gone.
She heard the wind whisper the pines to sleep.
Her ear caught the water-fall's rush and leap ;
Then, sprinkled in through the monotone,
Came grace notes in allegro,
'T was the brook as he danced, with airy ease,
From the foot of the fall, over many a row
Of pebbly keys,
To marry the lake below.

Round lips they lifted to salute
The pressure of his velvet foot.
She sang of all that nature gives
To field-flowers, or the forest leaves.
All memories into music grew,
And floated by in swift review.
But under all, and all above,
And woven through, and all around,
With every wreath of sight, or sound,
She sang thy praise, creative Love.

II.

I said to my Muse : Oh, sing !
Sing of the silent night ;
For silence is my delight.
Let silence, holy silence, bring
Her serenades to charm my heart
With supersensual art.
Silence has waves that flood the ear,
Yet stir not the coarse atmosphere ;
A minstrelsy all soft and low,
Such as the minstrel Seraphs know,
When intuitions like far whispers steal
Upon the hours,
And hermit souls are made to thrill
With unaccustomed powers.
When evening drops a kindly veil
Over the tired eye ;
When the book is laid down with a weary sigh ;
When vulgar habit, and the low real,
Make room for the perfect and ideal ;
'T is then, dear Lyra, thou comest to me
With all thy bodiless company,—
Eyes myriad, that come and go ;
All beautiful are they, with the glow
Of truth shining through mystery.

Then, with the witchery of thine art,
Thou layest thy fingers on my heart.
Full is it of most tremulous strings,
And their vibration would unman me
With an excess of feeling,
Save that the air is full of wings
That fan me,
And that thy touch is healing.
O night ! like prophecy thou fallest on me,
Visions of truth revealing.
The skies never gleam through the mist of light
So grand, so beautiful, so clear,
To thought so full, to hope so near,
As they show in the unmantled night.
Sing on ! my winged Maid, sing on !
Sing out ! sing out !
Now you and I are all alone
In fellowship with airy thought.
Then from her swelling throat
There burst a flood of melody.
Ah ! well a day !
Ask not the Poet to repeat
The revelations which to night belong.
The day which breaks up his retreat
With glare of sun, and noise of gong,
Leaves the soul haunted,
Preoccupied, distracted, still enchanted,
By wraiths of dim dismembered song.

III.

I said to my Muse : Oh, sing !
Fill the great lungs of the organ full,
And to it lend thy deepest soul ;
To God I owe an offering.
My Muse is an artless, simple spirit ;
Nothing she said

To make a show of modest merit,
But instantly obeyed.
At first she roved among the keys,
As if to find some fallen thread,
Some plume of memory mislaid ;
But, failing these,
She raised her earnest eyes to Heaven
Where sacred harmony is begot,
Twin inspiration to high thought,
And both were given.

All solemn then, and tremulous, like a passion
That gathers force from strong compression,
A thousand interweaving notes
Out-issuing from as many throats,
The organ gave forth its artillery.
It flooded the vaulting, mid-air, and floor,
And rocked the knees of the gallery.
Was it the sea came in to adore
With its wealth of waves ?
Was it he brought in from coral caves
Such treasures of worship to the shore ?
And, riding that flood with silvery words,
What voice lent thought to the throbbing chords ?
Dear Lyra, the voice was thine ;
But thought, breath, utterance, were all divine.
Oh ! forever will I treasure
The pleasure beyond map or measure
Which that hour of joy in trance made mine.

Then the Altar lighted with sudden show,
And the Holy Volume seemed aglow ;
Flames that climbed up the chancel piers
Fell dropping like wax from the frieze,
As hearts uplifted high in praise
Oft end in tears.

I saw electric sparks of light
Leap from the Prophet's hair,
Weaving swift circles in the air.
The Sanctuary was all bright.
I saw the Crucifix bleeding ;—
Ah ! sweet it was, but solemn and dread,
To see the eyes turn in the Holy Head
So woful and so pleading.
I felt, as never before,
That to pray is less than to adore ;
That one vast mighty mystery
Comprises human history ;
That these are one,—Victim, High-Priest,
And Lamb of a perpetual feast ;
That altars are God's theatres, where
In sacred scenery is shown
Love lifting red hands to the Overthrone ;
That sacrifice is bleeding prayer,
And goeth ever on.

Then I vowed a vow, as in that mood
I pressed to my breast the holy Rood,
And bent my head to the floor ;
My Muse shall sing the praise of God,
Or sing no more.

MUSA EXTATICA.

The altar tiles are under her feet,
Buff and blue ;
The tiles lie smooth beneath her feet,
But touch not her sandal shoe.
Her eyes entranced might seem to gaze
Where arches concentrate and meet
In a maze ;
But the arches are not in view.

Where does the vision lie ?
What fixes the maiden's eye ?
What makes her smile ?
Is it far, or is it near ?
What makes her garments float so clear
Above the bed of tile ?
They are not lifted by the air.
Why hold her hands behind her head,
Dipped in that foam of golden hair,
As if she heard some distant tread,
And stood prepared to call ?
Why does her bosom rise and fall ?
Its even swell of deep emotion
Is like the roll on a placid ocean
Of billows from afar.
Who can tell what these billows are ?
Is it joy coming, or desire outgoing ?
Does she command, or is she wooing ?
Why does she smile ? why bend her brow ?
Why nod ? why beckon now,
Whiles censuring, and whiles approving ?
Is she conveying her desire
To some viewless choir,
Or a crowd of spirits moving ?
Wait ! wait ! Now she is still.
If thou hast a poet's ear
For sacred song, come near !
The beating of her heart will tell

“ Lo ! me on holy ground,
With burning bushes all around.
Oh ! whither shall I turn ?
I burn ! I burn !
Electric currents come and go.
They thread my spirit through and through :
And a crowding tide of thought

Holds my spirit overwrought,
And urges love to fond despair.
Oh ! give me air !
I die ! I die !
Blow on me from the upper sky,
Or joy that has no breath,
Unsung must end in death.
Oh ! give me air divine !
Brace me with the breath of wine !
Give me such milk as flows from the breast
Of the all-hallowing Eucharist,
That I may troll
Sweet carols to the Oversoul.
Either fill me
With blood of song, or kill me.

“ Oh ! I am drunk, but not with drink ;
Wild, but not all beyond command.
How could imagination think
To gauge, by law of plumb and line,
A vision reared by heavenly wand,
A beauty all entrancing and divine,
Which makes thought reel as if with wine ?
It steals my reason, yet I own it ;
It steals my thought to crown it.
My heart in sweet delirium
Lies safe at home.
It gives me more than it can take,
Though I leave all for its dear sake ;
A mighty vision haunts me,
Enchants and disenchants me,
Heals my wounds, yet makes me bleed.
Not for the world would I dispel it.
Oh ! could I, as I see it, tell it,
I were a bard indeed.

“ Oh ! I am mad, but not with folly,
Sad am I without melancholy,
Glad, but with sober merriment ;
Fond am I, without detriment
To reason. Bonded to higher will
That may not be denied,
My own I seek to kill,
All fearless of the suicide.
Oh ! I am calm,
I know where I am.
Yea, when most overwrought
I still am mistress of my thought ;
Though oft to others I may seem
A vessel driving to the coast
On the foam of a dream,
And utterly lost,
There 's method in my madness,
There 's measure in my gladness ;
And into rhythmic rule I bring
True anthems to my Lord and King.
Of love, all ruling love, I sing.
By love inspired, by love oppressed,
Within my breast
Electric forces gathering
Leap into buds ;
Thoughts crystallize into thick geodes ;
The grasses wave their myriad flags ;
Hills helmeted with lofty crags
Rein up like warriors ;
The hemlocks bending low,
Like water carriers,
Beneath their yokes of snow,
Keep measure with their feet
To the time I beat ;
Pines, crowding to look o'er
The common score,

Bend eagerly down till their bonnets meet ;
Clouds march in groups ;
Waves march in columns over the sea ;
Stars gallop in troops ;
Nights and days keep time ;
The fuguing seasons chime
With nature and with me ;—
All praise the Lord together.
To the last cliffs of space I shout,
My choristers to gather.
Sing out ! sing out !
Keep tune, keep time,
To the pitch and motion of my rhyme !
Faster ! faster ! faster !
Look at me !
One ! two ! three !
'T is the measure of the mighty Master.
So beats revolving life in Trinity.
'T is the secret of infinity—
Who keeps true time shall time outlast ;
Who loses, stubbornly slow,
From heaven shall be outcast,
And its music shall never know.
Sing all ! sing out !
Prolong the chant with joyous shout.
Faith praises with untiring tongue.
The hearts that weary die unblest,
Harps must not be unstrung,
Love may repose but never rest."

THE RATIONAL

(EXOD. xxviii, 15.)

I.

I see the Ark. I see where meet,
And cross, the wings of cherubim
O'ershadowing the Mercy-Seat.
I see at the altar the form of him
That blesseth and is blest.
I see in ephod, mitre, robe, and vest,
And golden broidery and braid,
Aaron the Priest,
Great Prophet and High Pontiff, all arrayed
As on that solemn feast
When the Paschal Lamb is slain.
And, hung by many a loop and chain,
I see upon his breast
The RATIONAL, or judgment plate.
It is a holy spell.
It bears the names and gathering fate
Of the tribes of Israel.
It is God's oracle, whence emanate,
As from celestial womb,
Doctrine and doom.

O Man of God ! I fear thee.
Although thy feet
Approach so near the Mercy-Seat,
I tremble to be near thee.
The fear I feel
Is not for what thou hast, or art,
But what thy breastplate doth conceal.
Thou bearest upon thy heart
God's wisdom, and God's will ;

That which I love, that which I dread,—
Doctrine, and doom ;
A light, a gloom ;
Light to the living, gloom to the dead.
Holy doctrine is sweet to know ;
But truth can bless, and truth can bind ;
The light that fills the eye can blind ;
And thus God's holy will also
Brings joy, or woe.
Much is required where much is given ;
And therefore, O Tribes of Israel,
We that have largest hopes in heaven
Have most to fear in hell.

II.

Twelve jewels radiate
On the High-Priest's judgment plate ;
Twelve jewels, with each a name ;
And among the rest
I see the purple amethyst.
It sparkles like a flame ;
It has the color of wine ;
It glitters like a star ;
Its number is nine ;
It bears the name of Issachar,
And the name is mine.
Each jewel is a mystery.
Four rows of gems, each row with three.
The amethyst is ninth in order ;
It means : THE THOUGHT OF ETERNITY.
And the weird of Issachar is "*He*
That coucheth upon the border."

Such is my weird. So my life lies.
Upon a borderline I couch ;

Dreading the forward step, I crouch
Between two vast eternities.
On either hand they stretch away
Into the night, into the day.
Shall the endless daylight cover me ?
Shall the eternal night close over me ?
I cannot say.
But time will speedily show ;
The doubt will clear away,
And I shall know.
O consecrated Priest !
There is truth in that jewelled breast.
Light glows on that Amethyst.
The name it bears is a revelation
Shall guide my soul to her salvation.
Oh ! hither turn that flaming core !
And, blazed upon my brain,
Dread memory of eternity remain
Forevermore !

MARANATHA.

(“ If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be
Anathema Maran-atha ! ”—I. COR. xvi., 22.)

I.

A curse cannot be given in wrath,
With venom'd tongue and vengeful eye.
The wordy passion passes by
Harmless, mere vapor of hot breath.

A curse is the scald of an injured tear ;
A coal of pity dropped from above ;
The farewell spoken by wearied love
In the hardened prodigal's ear.

A curse is a fever that springs from a cold ;
A flame that dies out into frost ;
The change of bright love into rust ;
Warm life into withering mold.

The life of God is our central fire ;
Grand Heart, whose nature is to warm.
We draw great blessing, or great harm,
As we approach Him, or retire.

II.

'T is not the ban-crier makes the ban.
The root of a curse is cankering sin.
The undying worm is born within,
And gnaws where its life began.

No lightning is forged at the Overthrone ;
The furnace lies on a lower level,
The fire recoils on the doer of evil,
And the blast by himself is blown.

A curse is no thing of real birth,
But a blessing lost that might have been.
The cold abortion lies suckled by Sin ;
Hope's ghost glares wild at a vacant hearth.

Therefore Anathema to thee,
O thou that lovest not the Christ !
Gauged by the deep grace sacrificed,
Deep shall thy Maranatha be.

SCENES AT THE HOLY HOME.

SCENE I.

(How St. Joseph aroused the Holy Family at dawn ; and how he dismissed it at night.)

Wake ! Mary, wake ! Drive sleep away !
 The dawn is near, and only waits
 For the opening of the eastern gates
 To flood our valley with the day.
 Wake ! wake ! for Jesus' sake !

Wake ! Mary, wake ! Smiling in beauty,
 The Holy Babe would have us show
 How sweet is duty where love is true ;
 And that all true love is duty.
 Wake ! wake ! for Jesus' sake !

Good-night, dear Mary ! 'T is time to rest.
 Now lay thy busy work away.
 Behold the eyelids of the day
 Fast closing in the drowsy west.
 And to Thee, blest Babe, good-night !

Good-night ! How nigh the silver moon
 And all the budding stars appear !
 How sweet to think that Heaven comes near
 At night to smile on duty done !
 Mother and Babe, good-night !

SCENE II.

(How St. Joseph taught the Child Jesus to walk ; and what the Child taught him.)

Creeping on the cottage floor,
 On the margin of the Nile,

In the land of His exile ;
Creeping to the open door,
A little child (twelve months or more)
Looked out upon the street,
Oh ! it was passing sweet
To see that face so infantine,
So mingling human with divine ;
And watch those little legs drag on,
Unable to walk, unable to stand ;
And see Him plant that little hand
For a forefoot to walk upon.
“ Now come to me,” the Father said,
And lifted Him to His feet ;
“ Thou shalt walk to me upon the street.
Stand straight ! Be not afraid !
And, when the trip has been fairly made,
See here what a cake to eat ! ”
How strange, from Joseph such a word
To his Creator, Saviour, Lord !
How strange, with gifts and childish talk,
Bribing weak Deity to walk !

Then the Child unloosed his little tongue,
And He laughed right merrily,
And He spoke quite cheerily :
“ I ’ll teach thee, dear Father, to walk along
Less awkwardly and wearily.
I have tottered only to thy knee,
With gait unsteady, and irresolute,
Not knowing how to put down My foot ;
But thou shalt walk to Me,
With a footstep strong and even,
As far as hence to the highest heaven.
There, Pharaoh’s Joseph, thou shalt reign
Viceroy ; and a vast multitude,

All tottering for want of food,
Shall change their famine for thy grain."

SCENE III.

(How the Child Jesus learned to talk ; and how He taught St. Joseph to be silent.)

One evening the Holy Family
Were gathered in the Egyptian land,
At Cairo, a poor and fugitive band,
Yet richly blest in their poverty ;
Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph—these three.
Then Joseph the Boy to speech beguiled.

"Say MARY ! say MARY ! dear child."
The Infant's voice was launched in the air ;
And the name was spoken so soft and clear,
Speech never sounded in mother's ear
So musical and fair.

"Say FATHER, now," then Joseph prayed ;
And "Abba ! Abba ! Abba !" He said.
The title sprang from that velvety tongue
So sweet, and full of cheer,
The choirs of Paradise checked their song,
And leaned on their harps to hear.
The voice was distant ; yet not a throat
In all their throng could sound a note
To make the distant seem so near.

Then a silence dropped on the Patriarch's soul ;
It lasted long,
Like the silence that follows a sweet song,
Which has filled the spirit full,
And every sense beguiled.
The Boy-God looked up at His Mother and smiled,

And whispered : "This silence will not end,
'T is my gift to a beloved friend."

Now the life of Joseph has been recorded,
And justice full to his love awarded,
Yet not one word from his mouth is penned.
The Sacred Record shows thus always,
To reader or hearer,
That silent duty is counted dearer
Than the loud tongue of praise.

SCENE IV.

(How St. Joseph taught the Holy Child to pray, and learned from Him a higher prayer.)

"Come hither, Jesus, to my knee ;
Fold Thy hands, and pray with me :
'Our Father ! that dost in Heaven live,
Praise to Thy Name be given !
May all on earth one truth believe,
And do Thy will as done in Heaven !
May we our daily bread receive,
With daily grace to leaven !
As we do freely all forgive,
So be our sins forgiven !
Temptations from our bosoms drive ;
In danger be our haven !'
It is a good prayer, my Son.
'T is good for the evil ; 't is good for the just ;
'T is good for all the children of dust ;
And for thee, if thou be one."

Slowly the Child repeated the prayer
Until He had it all by heart,
Gravely reciting the sinner's part
As if His own need were there ;

Then to the wondering Patriarch said :
“ Beautiful is this form of prayer,
And I will make it my special care
To have it by all nations prayed.
But I will teach thee to pray without form,
And so thy bosom warm
With love divine,
And hold it pressed so close to mine,
That prayer shall be all one with duty ;
And, save in thy appointed task,
Thine eyes shall find on earth no beauty,
Thy heart no other joy shall ask.
Noiseless work, and wordless prayer,
Silent service everywhere ;
And not a word shall fall from thee
To fill a blank in history.

SCENE V.

(How Jesus and Joseph wrought together ; and how a shadow crept into their shop.)

Jesus and Joseph at work ! Hurra !
Sight never to see again,
A 'prentice Deity plies the saw,
While the Master ploughs with the plane.
Merrily rise the curling chips,
Quick brushed with the hand away ;
From iron teeth to the floor fast drips
A dusty wooden spray.
Mysterious Heaven !
Is this the Prince of promise given
To take our sins away ?

Work ! work ! work !
Through the long day till nearly dark,
Then Joseph said to the Infant : “ Stop !

Fast fall the eyelids of the west ;
'T is time, dear Boy, to rest.
I bide here in the shop ;
There is more work I trow."
Said Jesus : " I have more than thou.
Thy work will soon be done ;
And the reward is near.
The work of my life is scarce begun ;
Yet my last wood to work upon
Stands always between me and the sun,
And its shadow reaches here."

Two lengths of timber,—that is all.
One lay aslant ; one stood upright.
They intercepted the western light
On its way to the wall.
When Jesus stretched His arms in the air,
As often the weary do,
A shadowy form was pictured there,
Like the forecasting of a woe
Before a fated soul held up ;
And the dark scene of deicide
Seemed there by spectre typified,
Or pre-enacted in the shop.
"Why dost thou start, dear Father, thus ?
Why dost thou gaze at the wall ?
'T is but a shadow after all."
"I see the shadow of a cross,
Such as slaves are hung upon.
But—what pierces my bosom through and through—
I see a shadowy victim too.
The shape is thine own, my Son.
O Jesus, my innocent Boy !
Is this the employ
That waits for Thee ?

Must Thou work out this destiny ? ”
“ Say naught, dear Father,” the Boy replied ;
“ The eye hath seen ; the tongue must hide,
And the heart forget if it may.
Behold the doom that shades my path !
’T is the shadow of God’s love ; ’t is wrath ;
’T is mine, and I must bide my day.”

THE WINDIGO.*

By the lodge light crouching like a snail,
Creeping like a snake along the trail,
Hiding in the bushes like an owl,
Meeting every gazer with a scowl,
Uttering the same unearthly howl.

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

Withered hag ! Is this the Maquas maid
Stood once straight and shapely as a reed ?
Woe to the lodge of Matsoree ! What thief
Quenching the light of Teõnontógen’s chief
Has changed its glory to an idiot grief ?

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

Came to the lodge a warrior of great fame ;
Wyandot widows howled to hear his name.
When he sat down why did Yaweko rise ?
The scornful maiden, wilful and not wise,
Had let a young Oneida look into her eyes.

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

* Windigo is the name given by our Northern Indians to a fabulous cannibal ghost.

The moon looked down from an angry sky,
Looked down with a blot of red in its eye.
A brave lay couched in a shroud of snow.
One hand an arrow grasped ; no bow.
The barb lay deep in his breast below.
Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

“ Fairly I struck him, his face to me,”
Said the young Oneida to Matsoree.
“ Stags fight for mates ! ’T is the law of the wood ;
But, if gifts be needed to stanch this blood,
Lo ! I and my tribe will make it good.”
Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

Hard was the mother’s heart as stone ;
Cold was the Sachem’s eye as the cold moon.
Still as the moon braves strode in wrathful mood
Through air all sickened with the scent of blood.
Dogs howled their wonder to the wondering wood.
Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

“ Oh ! fly, my love ; to-night let us go forth.
Taronyawákon blanketed in snow calls north.
Rivers and lakes are secret and discreet ;
Ice takes no print from soft and wary feet ;
Leaves whisper low when cautious lovers meet.”
Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

“ Yaweko, no ; I fear to tempt the night.
I see ghosts climb in crowds the northern light.
The mountain Oki lash the winds to storm.

I saw to-day, with malediction warm,
Under the ice green lizards swarm."

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

"Haste, O my brave ; these words are wild.
The forests know and love a forest child.
Nothing fear I from the helpless dead ;
But I fear the sound of a vengeful tread,
And a silent tongue when the eye is red !"

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

Who cross so fleet the Kayadutta's glen ?
Who print the snow with crimson'd moccasin ?
Through waves of angry clouds the moon swims
west ;

Streamers of hairy fire stretch from her crest ;
The hollow ground groans like a sinner's breast.

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

"Ha ! see, my love, a dead-house all forlorn !
Here find we rest awhile, here wait for morn."
"Yaweko, no ; no living thing I dread ;
But I fear the breath of the unburied dead,
And the clammy air where a corpse has laid."

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

"Fear naught, my brave ; trust to love's Manito.
The power to hurt dies with a dying foe.
Here borrow we from death shelter and rest.
Lo me thy guard ! Be thou to-night love's guest ;
Pillow thy fears upon Yaweko's breast."

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

Upward like leaping dogs leaped the red flame.
Gleamed a wild fire on guilty love and shame ;
Died like spent love into an ashy heap.
Heugh ! see that shape into the cabin creep !
Aireskoé ! what eyeballs glare upon their sleep !
Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

Wake ? wake Yaweko ! Sleep not thus alone.
List ! list, Yaweko ! Was not that a groan ?
Something within the darkness bodes no good ;
Something as if strong teeth were tearing food ;
Something as if a tongue were lapping blood.
Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

Quick from her blanket sprang the frightened maid,
Raked the dull embers into coals of red.
What greets her burning sight ? what stains the
floor ?
Teeth all unseen her mate to remnants tore.
Yaweko, he will look into thine eyes no more !
Agh-ghu, agh-ghu !
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu ;

Out through the doorway wild the maiden sprang,
Wildly behind a ghostly war-whoop rang.
What holds that shadowy hand ? What stays the
blow ?
'T is the totem of her tribe, her mother's Manito.
Thou 'rt saved, Yaweko, saved for a long woe.
Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

Therefore in fear she crouches like a snail ;
Therefore she creeps snake-like upon the trail ;

Therefore she stares at nothing like an owl ;
Therefore she sends to gazing eyes a scowl ;
Therefore that hopeless and unceasing howl.

Agh-ghu, agh-ghu ;
Eth-o-ne, ogh, agh-ghu !

PAPOOSE'S FROLIC.

Wah-wah ! Wah-wah ! He wakes !
Open two round little lakes.
How soft ! How bright ! How deep !
Sleep, my papoose, ah, sleep !
Wah-wah ! Wah-wah !

Is this my own papoose,
Or is it a little mouse ?
So sly he comes ; creep, creep ;
Shugh ! Little mouse, go sleep !
Wah-wah ! Wah-wah !

I see a head ! A bear !
I hear a growl ! 'T would scare
The soul of the mighty Kryn.
Sleep, bear ! Go sleep again !
Wah-wah ! Wah-wah !

What moons so full and wide
Peep over the cradle side ?
They light up all the lodge.
Will ye not sleep ? Dodge ! Dodge !
Wah-wah ! Wah-wah !

Sleep now. Asontha comes.
I feel his shadowing plumes.

The night-king stoops, my boy, to cast
Soft furs upon thy breast.

Wah-wah ! Wah-wah !

ADORO TE DEVOTE.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

Adoring I draw near, O august Deity,
That hidest Thy true presence in this mystery.
My breathless spirit fails me when I think of
Thee,
And leaves my heart alone to worship Thee.

My sight, my touch, my taste are all deceived in
Thee ;
Trusting to sound alone I have believed in Thee.
The word of Christ makes my unfaltering faith
secure.
No guaranty of earth or heaven can be more sure.

Upon the cross was hidden Thy divinity,
But here Thou hidest also Thy humanity.
Freely confessing both, I seek with penitence
What sought the dying thief, and in like confidence.

“ My Lord ! my God ! ” the slow-believing Thomas
cried.

I cannot see, as Thomas did, Thy wounded side ;
Yet the same joyous greeting here I bring to Thee,
And with like faith and hope and love I cling to
Thee.

O dear memorial of a Saviour's charity !
O living bread that giveth life eternally !

Give to my soul that hungering appetite
Which finds in Thee alone true life and sweet
delight.

Fond Pelican ! while at Thy bosom feeding,
O wash my spirit clean by its dear bleeding !
I know, one drop alone is competent to pay
The ransom of a world, and wash its sin away.

O Jesus ! Thou art here, but veiled and hidden.
Faith sees what is to longing eyes forbidden.
Haste, Lord, and bring that day of grace to me,
Which in full glory shall reveal Thy face to me !

DIES IRÆ.

Oh, that day ! That day of terror !
Prophet's word and Sibyl's finger
Point to one dread day of anger

When the skies shall warp and wither ;
Oceans shrink and dry together ;
Solid earth relapse to cinder.

Day of Nature's dissolution !
Day of final retribution !—
Some to joy, and some to sorrow.

Hark ! the trumpet,—blast terrific !
Now the dead, in mingled panic,
Gather to the dread assizes.

Death shall stand aghast, and Nature,
When from dust the summon'd creature
Rises trembling to make answer.

Ah ! the wonder ! Oh ! the wailing !
When the heavens above unveiling
Show the Judge of all descending !

Now begins the awful session.
Sinner, make thy full confession.
Naught avails the least evasion.

Lo ! the Book of Doom ! Each action,
Secret sin, or bold transgression,
Idle word, foul thought, is noted.

Strictest justice is accorded ;
Grace to gracious deed afforded,
Death to deadly sin awarded.

Where the Saints must fear and tremble,
Could I stand the test, thus sinful ?
Could I find a plea for pardon ?

Could an advocate avail me ?
Pleas and advocates all fail me.
Jesus, Thou alone canst save me.

Mighty Monarch ! Oh, remember
That blest day of blest December !
'T was for me the Virgin bore Thee.

Seeking me, beside the fountain
Thou didst rest Thee ; to the mountain,
For my sake, Thou didst betake Thee.

On that dear Cross, to redeem me,
Thou didst hang. Lord ! is it seemly,
So much costing, I should perish ?

Thou didst smile on Mary's unction,
Thoughtful love, and deep compunction ;
On the dying thief's confession.

Like them guilty, like them grieving,
Like them loving and believing,
Lord ! I claim a like compassion.

To Thy mercy I confide me ;
From Thy justice, Saviour, hide me
Ere that day of dread accounting.

Oh ! that scene of strange uprising !
Oh ! that solemn criticising !
Oh ! that judgment past revising !

Peace to thee, departed brother,
Tenant once of this cold clay !
Jesus ! give him rest away.

Amen.

MID-LENT.

[A revived legend.]

Lone was the desert where Christ fasted ;
Dark and dreary was the shade
Wherein He hid and prayed.
Forty days and nights it lasted ;
Yet scarce the half was made
When, deeper straying in the gloom,
He came to a place so wild and bare,
It seemed no being could make it a home,
Save that Man of Prayer,
Or some lion seeking a lair.
Here, pacing slowly back and forth,

With His eyes to the earth,
And His heart on high,
In His path so hard and dry
A rose he found,
A large and lovely rose,
Such as never grows
Save in the kindest ground.
“Thanks ! Father,” He said, “I comprehend.
This lesson is all divine ;
And it shall go from me to mine,
And be treasured to the end.
I would not have my followers fast
Like the proud Pharisee,
With faces long and overcast,
Apes of a sour sanctity.
But I would have their desert bear
Such fruits of fasting and of prayer
That, while the body hides its pain,
The soul’s deep joy may be seen.”
Then plucking the rose, with a heavenly smile,
The stem to His bosom He pressed.
The secret thorns sank into His breast,
But the flower bloomed gay the while.

One Sunday always in Mid-Lent
The altar, which before was bare,
Is decked with flowers, and made to wear
A look of bright content.
By this we mean to call again
The lesson that our Lord has given,—
That penance, to be prized in heaven,
Must learn to smile on pain.
Nor is there need to feign ;
For God will send to such penitent
Sweet flowers to blossom on his Lent,
Which elsewhere will be sought in vain.

THE GATHERING OF THE GUILD.¹

Hark the tread of the Guild resoundeth !
Steadily, oh ! Steadily, oh !
Lightly every bosom boundeth ;
Merrily, oh ! Merrily, oh !
Promptly at the call,
Spite of wind and weather,
Friends and brothers all,
Gayly we gather.

CHORUS.

Round the banner, Guildsmen, rally !
Merrily, oh ! Merrily, oh !
Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh !
Merrily, oh ! Merrily, oh !

Wearily home the drunkard turneth ;
Wearily, oh ! Wearily, oh !
Drearly there the fire burneth ;
Drearly, oh ! Drearly, oh !
Oh ! the heavy head !
Oh ! the eyes burning !
Children lacking bread !
Wife sadly mourning !

CHORUS.

Round the banner, Guildsmen, rally !
Dearly, oh ! Dearly, oh !
Dearly, dearly, dearly, oh !
Dearly, oh ! Dearly, oh !

¹ This song and the following were adopted by St. Mary's Temperance Guild, to sing at the opening and closing of their meetings.

Loud be the song of the Guild as we gather !

Cheerily, oh ! Cheerily, oh !

Long may we crowd about our banner !

Merrily, oh ! Merrily, oh !

Praise to God on high !

Love to our neighbor !

Angels guard our homes !

Heaven bless our labor !

CHORUS.

Round the banner, Guildsmen, rally !

Merrily, oh ! Merrily, oh !

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh !

Merrily, oh ! Merrily, oh !

PARTING OF THE GUILD.

I.

Brothers, now before we part,

Let our voices chime,

And the beat of each true heart

Measure true our time.

Meeting is a joy to all ;

Parting is a pain.

Who can tell what may befall

Ere we meet again ?

II.

Ever binding, ever blest

Be our common vow !

Joy to every loving breast

Gathered with us now !

Health to absent friends as well ;

Gladness in their homes !

Peace to dear and dead, who dwell

Where no sorrow comes !

III.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, hail !
Threefold power whose single throne
Lies beyond the veil !
As upon our knees we fall,
Bending meek and low,
Kindly look upon us all !
Bless us ere we go !

A GRADUAL PSALM.

Glad was I when they said to me :
“ Come to the house of God ! ”
O dearly do I love the road ;
With joy I count each glad degree
By which I mount to Thy abode,
O Lord, my God,
To Thy abode, and Thee !

My feet shall stand within thy streets,
Jerusalem !
And when, with harp and solemn hymn,
They mount unto thy temple gates,
My feet shall march with them.
Thither the tribes go up, and throng
The sacred court.
Thither the vested priests resort,
The Levites raise inspired song ;
And sentry hills on guard around,
O Sion ! catch the sound ;
And, from their hollow grots,
Deep loving throats,
Send back the notes
To die away on holy ground.

Hail ! holy altar, judgment-seat,
High throne of mercy and of law !
Knowing that God is great,
I bow to thee with awe.
Yet all the while I feel,
As reverently I kneel
To kiss thy feet,
That the whole air
I breathe when there
Is sweet, surpassing sweet.

Sweetest to me Thy temple, Lord,
When all is still ;
When not a sound is heard,
No tinkling altar-bell,
No song, no spoken word ;
When the stillness is unstirred
By any step,
Or the motion of a lip ;
Then, all alone, in quiet partnership,
My heart and I commune ;
And both, in tune
With the deep silence there,
Sing words that are not spoken,
In tones that leave no token
In the air ;
Yet every word is a silence broken,
And every note a prayer.

THE DAILY HOURS.

MATUTINA ligat Christum qui crimina solvit.
PRIMA replet sputis. Causam dat TERTIA mortis.
SEXTA Cruci nectit. Latus ejus NONA bipertit.
VESPERA deponit. Tumulo Completa repon it.

The hour of MATINS finds our Lord in chains.
At PRIME they spit upon His face. At TIERCE
We hear His doom of death. Sad SEXT complains
Before the Cross. At NONE His side they pierce.
At VESPERS they take down His dear remains ;
While COMPLINE watches by His tomb in tears.
Watch thou, my heart, until thy Lord appears.

[In the foregoing lines only the English translation is new.
LAUDS have here no special mention. They are said or sung,
even in the Communities of Religious, at the same hour as
the Matins, and practically included in that office.]

THE PRIESTLY ROBE.

I.

Touch it lightly, or not at all.
Let it not fall !
Let not a fabric so august
Trail in the dust !
'T is a costly thing,
Woven by love in suffering.
'T was Jesus' parting gift to men.
When the Lord rose to heaven again,
His latest breathing fell on it,
And left a sacred spell on it.
A mystery hides within its folds.
Quickened by sacramental breath,
It holds
The power of life and death.
Would you sully it ? Would you rend it ?
Is there a Christian would not defend it—
A robe so costly, and so rare,
So wonderfully fair ?
Woe to the hand profane,

Woe to the heart ungracious,
Woe to the tongue unheeding,
Would dare to cast a stain
On a vestment made so precious
By such costly bleeding !

II.

I know this robe and its history,
And what strange virtue goeth forth
From its hem to bless the earth ;
And I adore the mystery
That gives it grace,
In Jesus' name, to soothe and heal.
With more than human tenderness
I prize the priestly order ;
And, while with reverent knee I kneel,
I do not see beneath the border
Frail feet of clay,
But seek to find, if so I may,
By feeling,
Some gracious thread which will convey
To my sore spirit healing.
Vicars of Christ ! Deem me not rude,
If nearer than is wont I press me ;
But turn, and bless me
Amid the kneeling multitude.

MEDITATIONS IN VERSE.

MEDITATIONS IN VERSE.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

I.

O Scientists and Sages ! Ye have read
Unnumbered volumes through,
And knowledge hides his head
With you.

Deep-pondering, and far-seeing,
Ye know the mystery of this being,
Its origin and end.

Tell me, then, what I am ;
Tell me from whence I came ;
Tell me whereto I tend ;
Yea, why I am at all.

In vain I call.

From Scientist, or Seer,
No answer cometh to my ear.
Why ask of them that cannot give ?
Why call for light
To them that grope in deeper night ?

In God I live,
Draw breath, have sense and motion.
From God I came ; to God must I return,

As the rain, ocean-born,
Returneth to the bosom of the ocean.
I am all His, and His alone.
No other maker names me ;
No other master claims me ;
Nay, I am not my own.
Lord of my life and destiny,
I do confess, my God, in Thee
Full sovereignty and absolute domain.

II.

Why was I made ? God had no need of me.
I was not necessary, had no claim to be.
Without consulting me, or mine,
But of His royal pleasure,
And as the by-plan of a vast design,
Including me and my scant measure,
From a deep mould
As infinitely old
As His own mighty mind He brought me,
And into being wrought me.
A delicate complexity
Of spirit and machinery,
Of matter, force, and faculty,
A frail and feeble creature,
But with a destiny above my nature,
He designed me,
And assigned me
To a station, service, and vocation
In the great feodary of His creation.

There, to my post and duty tied,
Let me abide,
Calm and content ;
Indifferent

Whatever may befall me ;
Ready to stay and labor on
Until my work be done ;
Ready to go when God shall call me.
He that made me and my destiny
Is wise and true ;
Full well He knows His royal due,
And what is best for me.

Oh ! what should be the end of man
But simply to fulfil
That holy will
In which man's being first began ?
My end, the reason of my being, yea
My soul's true bliss,—
All lies in this :
To live for Thee, my God, only for Thee.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Oh ! how crazy, greedy, busy,
Giddy, dizzy
Is this world that we live in !
Getting money, spending money,
Borrowing and lending money,
Coining money out of sin.
Heaping treasure, seeking pleasure,
Seeking honor, without even
One brief hour of quiet leisure
For the daily thought of heaven,
Or the voice within.
Drowning thought in peals of laughter ;
Thinking naught of an hereafter
Stretching far beyond the tomb,
Whose dread portal

To each mortal
Is the gate of final doom.

Oh ! there is but one thing needful !
'T is to reach the goal.
Oh ! there is but one thing dreadful !
'T is to lose the soul,—
Loss beyond all computation,
Loss beyond repair ;
Deep privation, desolation, aggravation,
Culmination of despair !

Let my life be short, or long,
Though it last but till to-morrow ;
Feeble be my steps, or strong,
Full of joy or full of sorrow ;
Send me honor, send me shame—
It is all the same.
Give me wealth, or let me beg
Bread upon a cripple's leg,
Limping slow from door to door ;—
Save my soul ! I ask no more.

OMNIA AD DEI GLORIAM.

I.

O God ! this world is fair ;
And wonderful the tale it tells
Of Him that made the earth, the air,
The valleys, and the hills,
And the hoarse, surging sea.
Lord,—'t is the ancient story—
Thou madest all these for Thy glory.
For Thy glory man was made to be ;
And I—I hold my life of Thee,

By service feudatory,
But not in simple fee ;
My Lord's true tenant
Am I, bound to his pennant,
And to do homage feal on bended knee.

Into this world I came
To glorify Thy name.
If then, amidst the sound
Of this great hymn which breathes around,
And fills the earth and sky,
I fail to raise my song on high
To my Creator's praise ;
If my unthankful voice is still ;
O ! if I miss to guide my ways
By Thy most holy will ;
If here I fail, I fail to my undoing ;
Abortion of a noble plan,
Distortion of a shapely man,
Naught am I but a living ruin.
Woe then is me !
Wrecked shall I float, and drift a-lee,
Far from staunch ship, or saving shore ;
Far from my God, and from my destiny ;
Adrift, lost, tempest-tost forevermore !

II.

All creatures speak of God. The story
Is everywhere the same.
All nature glitters with His glory,
And vibrates to His name,
And what have I to say ?
What tale have I to tell ?
Am I dumb, in a crowd
That speak so loud,

And so well ?
Am I less wise than they ?
I should be a mirror, pure and bright,
To reflect my Maker's face,
That all who look at me may trace
His form at second sight.
But I am like a shattered glass,
With many facets, and no true face ;
And they that pass
Can only trace,
In the rays returning from my soul,
The broken and distorted features
Of frail and worthless creatures,
But naught of the perfect Whole.
Doing slight duty,
Weaving no beauty,
Speaking no truth,
False to the promise of my youth,
False to the hand from which I spring,
Seeking, not God's glory, but my own,
(Yet, save in Him, with claim to none)
Outlawed, and wandering,
A work am I by Him begun,
But never done.
Fabric of grace, had I been built,—
Lorn monument of guilt,
Shall I ever reach my end ?
Lord, help me to amend ;
Send my poor soul relief ;
To wash my sins, tears of true grief ;
Grace to begin my life anew ;
And so my way by grace pursue,
That the glory of Thy life divine
May henceforth be,
In some degree,
Reflected back in mine.

THE SALVATION OF THE SOUL.

I.

My salvation is a thought
That 's wondrous old.
Ere the great world was wrought,
Or lay rough in its early mould,
Love fashioned a sky of cloudless blue
For me in the heart of God.
To this is my being due.
Christ, for this cause, came down and trod
This woe-worn soil,
A weary while ;
Holy Angels come and go
Back and forth,
To and fro,
Never far, though all unseen,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Cleaving swift the screen
Of spaceless, bodiless air
That lies between,
Busy in this great affair.
All the wide world through,—
High Paradise, and deep Hell too,—
My soul's salvation
Is in litigation.
Oh ! in this business have I naught to do ?

II.

Of good and evil a tangled tissue
My life drags on ; and doubtful is the issue.
Shall I be saved ? I do not know.
Shall I be lost ? I cannot tell.

But this I know full well,—
 That neither friend nor foe,
 With all their power to help, or kill,
 The grace in me,
 Can change the current of my destiny
 Without my will.
 Winged Angels, radiant Saints,
 Listed with Christ their Prince,
 And fighting in my cause, I see ;
 And the Holy Spirit, blent
 With each kindly sacrament,
 Breathes His sweet breath on me.
 But my salvation still
 To the tenure of my will
 Is given.
 On that one strand hangs all my heaven.

THE INSUFFICIENCY OF CREATURES.

I.

Far have I looked, long waited,
 Yet have I never found
 In any thing created
 A true and solid rest.
 Above the ground,
 If such thing be,
 And cometh betimes to human breast,
 It cometh not to me.

Vain are all creatures, and unstable,
 False, insufficient, and unable
 To satisfy a heart like mine.
 They were made for me, not I for them.
 I was created for things divine—

For God ; and with a higher aim
Than aught mine eyes can see.
For I am too noble, and free,
To house my heart in clay.
These are my servants, and must obey,
They are my means, and not my end ;
And the great arc of my destiny
They are too little to subtend.
My heart indeed they occupy,
But cannot satisfy ;
For that is of so great a measure
That no fortune, love, or the largest pleasure,
If less than the boundless infinite,
Can ever assuage its appetite.
Vain creatures, leave my breast !
Ye are too small to fill it all ;
It must be full, or find no rest.

II.

My heart is like a river
Which, ever and ever,
Presseth onward to deliver
The burden of its being to the main ;
But many a fountain-head,
And many a water-shed
Fill up its weary bed
With gatherings of the rain.
So ever begins its race of pain.
Where it flieth, there it dwelleth ;
Emptieth itself, and swelleth ;
Ever disgusted with its gains,
It taketh always new increase
From streams that cannot give it peace.

My heart is like a fire
Which higher, ever higher,

Leapeth upward with desire
 To ascend to its sphere ;
 But never it recedeth
 From the fagots where it feedeth,
 And which hold its ever fluttering spirit here.
 So my poor spirit cherisheth,
 And weakly clings
 To the frivolous things
 By which she perisheth ;
 And yet, inconstant in her mood,
 Looks upward to the highest good.

O God ! break up this strange division,
 This indecision.
 Lift my weak soul above
 All earthly love ;
 That upward looking to Thy throne,
 Oh, my best hope, and only one,
 I may love Thee alone !

BOCHIM.¹

A MEDITATION FOR LENT.

JUDGES, ii., 1-6.

I.

God's angel came to Ha-Bochim.
 The tribes of Israel were met
 By Silo's silent rivulet.
 Bright rose the sun o'er Jordan's stream
 And, looking west,

¹ The Hebrew words in these verses are pronounced as follows : Bokeem, or Ha-Bocheem ; Eloheem ; Seelo ; Geliloth requires a hard G, as in Galgal. It is used in Jos. xviii., 18, as another name for that place. See Calmet Dict.

Fell in a shower of sparkling light
On the high-priest's jewelled breast,
And made each warrior's corslet gleam ;
And the holy hill shine bright
As an infant's dream.

God's Angel came from Geliloth.
In fury he came,
He withered the grass on his path
Like a flame ;
And the air that shrunk from before his wrath
Grew into a storm ere he came ;
And the Hebrew crowd grew pale
At the burning words of Uriel.

"I come from Geliloth.
I come from the spot, sacred and blest,
Where long the ark of God found rest.
I come from the place of plighted troth,
Where ye made your covenant with Heaven,
And my promises were given,
Confirmed by solemn oath.
Ye swore to let no idol stand
In the Holy Land.
I swore, by my own name,
To scatter your foes before your face
With fire and flame.
I come from the holy place ;
And there—yea, there
The idols of Moab are standing now,
And the worshippers of Baal bow,
Polluting the sweet air.
And now again I swear
To let you enemies remain
To be your plague and your bane.
The land shall be to you unblest,

And ye shall find no rest
Therein from peril and pain.
Bide here with your idols and your foes ;
Ye shall have no repose
Until ye turn to me again."

Herein methinks that I can see
My past career. Like an open scroll
Dark histories before me roll.
My buried sins come back to me.
Before me in my path,
Majestic in his wrath,
My Angel towers like a flame,
Calls me by my baptismal name,
Recounts the many mercies given,
The vows I registered in heaven,
Points to the idols that still are found
In my soul, like Bel, or Ashtaroth,
In their groves upon the holy ground
Of consecrated Geliloth.
Ah ! greed, and sense, and pride !
Woe to me if I break them not !
Woe ! if the curse forsake me not
Ere the angel leaves my side !

II.

Why wail ye so, ye vested priests,
On the bosom of Bochim ?
Why do the women strike their breasts,
And call on Elohim ?
Why do the warriors bow their crests
O'er Silo's silent stream ?
Why does the sickle lie idle
That should cut the golden grain ?
Why do the steeds rush over the plain

With loosened bridle?
And why are the hill-sides about the stream
Named Ha-Bochim?
The priests wail for the sins of the past;
They wail for fear;
They wail that the angel of God is near;
They wail in terror of the blast;
The women strike their breasts,
And call on Elohim;
And the warriors bow their crests
O'er Silo's stream;
And the steeds have broken from their keepers;
And the panic-stricken reapers
Are gathered in Bochim,
Because of the angel of wrath that came
With storm, and fire, and flame
To break the dream
Of these sinful sleepers;
And the meaning of the name
Bochim is—"The place of the weepers."

Dread Angel! stand thou by my side!
Question this heart of sin and pride!
Bring hither my idols now!
Bring hither every broken vow!
And let my soul by herself be tried
In her secret home,
Before the door shall be opened wide,
And the greater trial come.
I stand beside the silent stream;
This Lent shall be my Ha-Bochim,
And shame, and sorrow, and vigil keeping
Shall sanctify my "place of weeping."

ASH WEDNESDAY.

I.

“ Remember, man, that thou art dust.”
Bow low, proud head, bow low ;
Receive the ashes on thy brow.
Bend down, proud heart, for bend thou must ;
Bend down, and know
How little room thou hast for pride.
The meanest beggar by thy side
Is made, like thee, of mire.
Didst think thyself a little higher ?
Is there something in thy pedigree ?
Hast thou a family tree ?
Did God choose richer mud,
And from its juice distil thy blood ?
Art beautiful ? bethink thee. What
Will keep thy beauty from the rot ?
Betrothed to foul caressing worms,
Where wilt thou treasure up thy charms ?
Art strong ? To the altar, with a stride,
And push that weaker clay aside.
Yet, kneeling think how thou shalt crumble,
And try, one moment, to be humble.
Hast money ? Oh ! then, open purse
To bribe the old primeval curse ;
And if it will not stay thy doom,
Buy for thy dust at least a tomb.
Art office-holder ? Issue writ.
Perhaps it will arrest the vermin ;
Teach them to respect thine ermine,
And let thee mildew slow in it.
Thy robe becomes thee, lady. So ?
Ah ! sweeter far it is, and prouder,

Thus to dissolve to costly powder,
Than to rot in calico !
Perhaps thou hast a deeper pride ;
Deeming thyself a child of grace,
Thou pityest these who take their place,
All sinful, by thy side.
O God, in mercy hasten to me ;
Humble my pride ; subdue me,
And this one truth into my bosom burn :
That, made of dust, to dust I shall return.

II.

Lord ! I am dust. And yet,
This frame, so frail, is not the whole.
I have a soul,
Into a nobler fabric knit
Than could be made of clay ;
A self which never can decay.
It is not earth, and cannot rot ;
Though it can sin, as earth cannot.
Oh ! it can be a meaner slave ;
And it can fill a deeper grave.
I bring to-day a deeper shame
Than simple flesh can claim.
Made to a heavenly mould,
Heir to a wealth untold,
Bondsman am I to dust.
Therefore I may, and must
Bow down to-day, while Thou dost spread
The ashes on my shameful head.
Lord, Thou canst humble, and Thou canst bless !
Look down on my distress ;
And through this day's humiliation,
Guide my sick soul to its salvation.

LIFE BREAD.

[A MEDITATION FOR LENT.]

I.

I seek some sure resource ; something
Behind my life, or underneath,
Deeper than blood or breath ;
Some stay, or staff, some store, or spring,
That doth my being underlie,
And power to live supply.
What is it, and whose to give ?
Let me know, for death I dread.
Is it bread ?
Let me know, for I would live,
And not die in the desert here.
Tell me, some one !
Cometh a voice to my ear ;
Cometh a voice solemn and clear :
“ Man doth not live by bread alone.”

Man doth not live by bread alone !
Lord, whereby liveth he ?
Tell me the mystery,
If the mystery may be known.
“ Life hangeth on My breath.
Man liveth by My will.
I am the reason of life, and death ;
I am life's Lord.
I gave man life, and he liveth still
By the power of My word.
I give and I take,
I make and unmake.
Wouldst thou live long ?

Look for thy living to the strong.
What the Tempter says in thine ear,
Albeit inopportune, is true :
I could thy life renew
In this desert here,
By making bread of the senseless stone ;
Or I can leave thee hungry and fasting,
Yet make thy living everlasting.
Man doth not live by bread alone."

II.

Man liveth not by bread alone.
This animal strife,
Brief struggle for breath, which men call life,
Begun by a moan
In the midwife's ear
And a tear,—
Signals of misery soon made,
Soon smothered by a spade ;—
This little span
From youth to age,
Quick clatter over a bridge,
Can never measure man.
No thought can trace,
No fancy space,
That world of being beyond the skies
Where true life lies.
What 's bread to him that needs not ?
What 's food to him that feeds not ?
What 's living where no breath is ?
What 's dying where no death is ?
Give me a breath
Can keep away the second death !
Give me a bread
Will hold life in the living dead !

O come, deep silence ! Ah ! let me hear
That living and life-giving word,
Which only can be heard
In solitude, by the loving ear.
Eternal truth, be thou to me
Bread, breath, pulse, seeing, sound !
All that I need of life is found
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

ONE BY ONE.

I.

We live like sheep, in crowds ; but die
One by one.
Little cares death for family,
Or circles of society,
Extensive kith, or courtly tone.
Heedless of every social tie,
He summons us to die
Alone.
Good seems it to be in company,
And not alone.
Companions lend security ;
They seem our lives to justify,
Our consciences to fortify.
Alas ; they help us not to die.
No ; one by one,
Through the dark door we pass ; and I
Must die alone.

Ah ! must I die alone ?
Must I go single through that iron door,
Where all that pass return no more ;
Where all that I have seen, and known,

And loved in nature, to me dies ;
Forever shut my eyes
To all the natural doth prize ?
Must I draw nigh
The Judge upon His throne
All unsupported, and alone,
And meet His awful eye ?
How will the naked truth appear,
With only God to hear ?

II.

We live in crowds ; and, living so,
Like fools, we gage
Our after-life of weal, or woe, -
Upon the moral average.
Say I : "We are all brothers.
God will not damn
Such as I am,
At cost of damning all these others."
O fairy scheme !
O airy dream !
This is the Devil's broadway,
The way to Heaven is another roadway.
We go to judgment one by one,
Each baring his breast
To the great inquest,
Measured by law alone.

Except I show true penance done ;
A stern resolve, with heart's deep pain,
Never to sin again,
And true fruit growing thereupon ;—
My cause is gone.
No crowd can aught avail me.
My fellows will all fail me.
I shall be judged alone.

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

[FROM THOMAS À KEMPIS.]

I.

The more I see of men, the less a man am I.
'T is only in the night that we can see the sky.
'T is only when the earth is hid that heaven comes
nigh.

This lesson have I found all my life through ;
The more I learned of men, the less I knew ;
For, by false lights, they darken the beautiful and
true.

We hear too much of a science that is not so.
We see too many sights that are mere show.
By the closing of our eyes and ears, wiser we grow.

Wouldst know the rule to find the only true and
good ?
Go shut thy closet door ; let none intrude.
God teaches the still heart in solitude.

II.

The silence of the cell is full of holy thought.
Angels come visiting when men go out.
To souls that stay at home they come unsought.

There solemn voices speak that only speak by
night.
There truths distorted and confused are seen aright,
And the words of Holy Scripture gleam with golden
light.

Then lessons come from lips that speak no more ;
And holy aspirations, such as moved us heretofore ;
And tears spring to our eyes for sins that we deplore ;

And a sweet voice whispers, " Peace," a voice we know ;
And melodies stir in the soul, solemn and low ;
And the cell seems full of Heaven that was lone a moment ago.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST.

[FROM THOMAS À KEMPIS.]

I.

" Who follows Me walks not in the night."
These are the Master's words. Take heed,
And learn to read
Their meaning right.
Wouldst be Christ's follower indeed ;
From blindness of the heart be freed ?
Then let His life be thy life's light.
Do as He did. Work as He wrought.
Teach as He taught. Think as He thought.
Seek earnestly and solely what He sought.
As true disciple of His school,
Conform in all things to His rule.
Let the spirit of thy Master enter,
And possess thee,
And repress thee, and redress thee
To thy soul's centre ;
And so transform thee from the thing thou art,
To be His likeness and true counterpart.

II.

What will it profit thee to know
All that is written of divinity ?
What gain will come to thee, if thou couldst show
The depths which underlie the Trinity ?
If thou art not yet humble, friend,
Thou art still far from God ;
Thou hast lost time upon the road ;
This wisdom will not help thee in the end.
O folly of vain desire !
What wilt thou gather from thy learning,
When thou thyself art burning,
Belettered and belittered in hell fire ?
O folly ! folly ! every thought is folly
Save this alone,—
To follow Jesus wholly,
And in His life to lose thine own.

YESTERDAY.

I.

What is this we call yesterday ?
A ripple mark in the sand ;
And the next wave that floods the strand
Washes it all away.
A child breathes on the window glass,
And writes his name on the frost ;
So light a record is yesterday,
And so quickly is it lost.
We name it when no longer here ;
We name it when not ours.
We crown it with fond flowers,
And christen it, on its bier.

Alas ! alas ! for yesterday !
When I laid me down to rest,
It lay folded to my breast ;
But in my sleep it stole away.
Ah ! is it so soon gone,
With its perils, its immunities,
And such golden opportunities
To do good deeds, not done ?
Where are they now ? Oh ! where
Those secret inspirations,
Those gentle, gracious invitations,
To walk with God in prayer ?
Will they not return to-day ?
Are they gone, and gone forever ?
Will no petition, no endeavor,
Redeem what I lost yesterday ?

II.

Has yesterday gone, gone quite ?
Is it nothing now but a date ?
Has it sunk with all its freight,
Like a ship, out of sight ?
Has it left no record of my errors ?
And, if now perchance I walk upright,
Will it therefore not return to fright
My soul with terrors,
In spite of her placid boasts ?
Has the petty goodness of to-day
Blotted all of yesterday's sins away ?
See ! see them coming back like ghosts,
With all their murdered hours !—these days,
The yesterday, and the yesterday before,
And so many, many more !
See them behind each other gaze,
With my sins glistening in their eyes !

Can that which Heaven and I have seen
Be ever as though it had not been ?
Ah ! memory sleeps, but never dies.

TO-DAY.

I.

In the long calendar of years
One little point of time appears,
One point alone
Which I can call my own,—
To-day.
Alas ! I can but claim it.
Scarce time have I to name it,
When, like a dream, it floats away.

Sure, this is my house, and this my land !
I have the title deeds at hand ;—
Meadow, and orchard, and garden spot,
So many acres to the lot
By the map of survey.
Alas ! alas ! there 's a flaw in my deed.
My title is only guaranteed
For to-day.
God's truth ! my tenure is very poor ;
My freehold a foothold, and no more.
To-morrow I may be clay,
And the land which now I hold in fee
Become freeholder, and hold me.

God ! teach me this lesson, I pray ;
How quickly life doth pass away.
Frighted with hopes as heaven high,
And boundless as the boundless sky,
'T is but a day.

A body lewd, and a spirit proud ;
A clay-cold form in a white shroud.
So endeth many a play.

II.

To-day the grass grows bright and green,
Its banners waving gay.
To-morrow the reaper walks between
The rows of hay.
So gay and bright the life we lead ;
So speeds that life away ;
And to-morrow gathers in her dead,
Where all is bloom to-day.

To-day the voice of mercy calls :
" Come away !"
Solemn and sweet on the ear it falls.
Obey ! obey !
To-morrow morning may give no warning
So kind as this to-day.
O hasten ! see to your soul's adorning
While still you may.

TO-MORROW.

I.

To-morrow advances apace, apace.
Beware !
Her step is grand, and full of grace.
Take care !
Oh ! many and cruel are her wiles ;
There 's falsehood in her dimpling smiles ;
And souls to ruin she beguiles
By the ringlets of her hair.
She walks behind a hollow mask.
Beware !

She will promise all you choose to ask.
Take care !
Soft whispers glide from her honeyed tongue,
As sweet as the notes of that Siren song
Which lured the mariner along
To shipwreck and despair.

She comes with nosegay of tender flowers.
Beware !
They are made of the dreams of wasted hours.
Take care
Her gardens are strewn with buds half blown,
Resolves to no perfection grown,
Unheeded graces, duties undone,
Lip-lifting without prayer.

Leave not till to-morrow thy purpose weak.
Beware !
All life that is earnest and real breathes quick.
Take care !
To-day is a live and life-giving tree ;
But what is to-morrow, my soul, to thee
But a dream, and a snare ?

II.

Shall we have sunshine or rain to-morrow ?
Ask not.
Is there promise of peace or pain to-morrow ?
Fear not,
God watches in all weathers. Pray,
And do thy duty well to-day.

Say ! will to-morrow bring raiment and bread ?
Ask not.
Ask the young ravens how they are fed.
Fear not.

Look at the lilies how they are arrayed !
Thou hast less reason to be afraid.

Does life grievous and tedious seem ?
Fret not.
'T is at best but a toss through a troubled dream.
Faint not.
Sufficient grace for to-day is given ;
To-morrow is one day nearer Heaven.

LOST AND FOUND.

I.

Forth from the garden gate they fly ;
Upward their aimless arms are tossed
In wild despair.
Ah ! guilty pair !
It is decreed that ye shall die.
No wonder that your only cry
Is " Lost ! lost ! lost ! "

'T is not the thought of breath,
The body yielding up its ghost,
Fills them with fear ;
But in their ear
Rings out in tones of awful wrath
The sentence of the second death,—
Lost ! lost ! lost ! lost !

Lost to the hope of paradise ;
Lost to all that which counts for most ;
The vision flown ;
The birthright gone ;
The soul's best, highest, dearest prize,
To see God with unclouded eyes,
Is lost, all lost.

II.

Yet, lo ! a rainbow born of tears !
And, sprinkled with its diamond dust,
In the wilderness
An oasis,
A grassy hill of green appears,
Whereon a tree broad arms uprears,
To save the lost !

What lavish love for mercy's sake !
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Combine to give
A new reprieve,
Another plank, a second deck,
To save the soul after shipwreck,
From being lost.

Oh ! when I think of this new hope !
Oh ! when I think how much it cost—
That blood-stained road !
That murdered God !
Not I such flow of grace will stop,
Nor waste of blood so dear one drop.
I 'll not be lost.

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

MATT. xxii., 11.

I.

The chandeliers glow bright
In the marriage hall.
Floor, wainscoting, and wall
Are surfeited with light.

Loud music fills the air,
A thousand feet
Are gathered there,
All waiting joyously to greet
The royal Bridegroom and His Bride.
She stands by His side
In blissful innocence, pure, and good,
With a maiden's bashful blood,
But a matron's pride.
All richly dight
In virgin white,
The Bridesmaids cluster round their Queen.
Bending like turf beneath their tread,
The carpet shows so bright and clean
In every thread
Of brown, or green, or gold, or red,
It seems new woven, and just laid.
From the noblest to the last and least
That gather there, each guest
Is robed in his costliest and best,
And ready for the feast.

But hold ! Say, who is this
That enters without a wedding dress ?
What rude unmannerly clown
Comes thus unseemly in
From the dust and dirt of the town,
Dishonoring all the rest,
But bringing chiefly shame and chagrin
To the Lord of the feast ?
Quick ! Open the door !
Chase the varlet out from sight !
Chase him forth into the night
Where he was before !
Chase him out from the light !
Forgotten be his name ;

And his doom
Be shame on shame,
And gloom on gloom !

II.

Who art thou that goest, so meekly bent
And yet so confident,
To the table of the Lord ?
Needs must this Sacrament
Be by all men adored ;
But only the pure in heart
May take their part
In this dear food,
Feed on this Flesh, and drink this Blood.
Tell me, my son,
Hast thou thy wedding garment on ?
Say ! hast thou bathed in that crystal flood
Where sin is washed away ?
Hast thou bethought thyself to pray
For clearer sight
To see thy sins aright ?
Hast thou reviewed the laws of God
In simple verity ;
Measured thy conscience by that code
In sad sincerity ?
Hast thou retraced the by-gone years,
And watered the way with tears ?
Is all repented and confessed ?
Hast thou left nothing unredressed ?
Is every sin forsaken ?
Is every needful resolution taken ?

Then go, thou happy penitent, in peace !
About thee fold thy wedding dress ;
And pray that He who gives this grace
May give each day increase.

A CRY FOR A HOME.

I.

My heart cries out for home ;
Nowhere can I find ease.
Times of repose to others come ;
Birds have a cottage in the trees,
Or some sure homestead in the sand ;
The gull returns to rest on the land.
Where is my home ?

What ! Pilgrim, callest thou for home ?
Life has no place for rest ;
'T is but a wayside inn at best.
Have patience till the Master come.
Keep thy lamp trimmed, and burning bright,
And wait for the happy nuptial night.
Heaven is thy home.

II.

If Heaven is my home,
I would fain be there now.
I am not fit to dig and plough ;
Labor is hard and wearisome.
For those that worn and weary are,
Heaven is all too far.
Come quickly, O sweet home !

Ah ! sluggard, cease thy talk of home.
Look ! see it standing near
With all the faithful heart holds dear.

What is 't thou flyest from ?
 Home is where thy work is given.
 Where love and duty lie is Heaven.
 God is thy home.

TRUSTFUL AND SIMPLE PRAYER.

I.

Happy for us that for Himself God made us,
 Since to His own an owner's love He oweth.
 Happy for us that His own work He knoweth.
 So made and marked, His care is pledged to aid us.

He knoweth every hap ere it befalls us ;
 Foresees the failures wherefrom grows our need.
 He gave the very voice wherewith we plead ;
 Yea, to the blessings which we call for calls us.

No praying ever takes Him by surprise.
 He sees us coming while we hesitate.
 Our knocking finds Him waiting at the gate ;
 His smile is ready ere we raise our eyes.

Love made us. Has not love the right of rule ?
 Kneel to Him loyally ; He claims your fealty.
 Freely confess to Him ; He knows your frailty.
 Ask boldly, for his hands are always full.

II.

Go straight to God. He can do every thing.
 His holy hands are gauntleted with power.
 High Heaven is garrisoned at every tower
 With eager angels fluttering on the wing.

The ministers and messengers of love are they.
Why should we hesitate, and be afraid
To go, and go, and go, and go again ?
Is any thing more simple than to pray ?

Pray softly. God is always very near us ;
No need to deafen Heaven with cry and shout.
Knock confidently ; He is never out ;
Never so busy that He cannot hear us.

Pray simply. Use no verbiage, no art.
All forms of speech alike to Him are known.
To Him the sweetest language is our own.
God loves the simple grammar of the heart.

THE KING OF HEARTS.

I.

Oh ! who can govern the human heart,
Its thoughts divine, its throbs restrain ?
It is a realm that stands apart,
Lone and sequestered ; a domain
Belted by no coast, or border,
Fenced by no wall, or warder ;
Yet into that trackless inland state
No foot of man can penetrate.
There God commands,
And His will it is, and joy,
To hold the helm in His own hands
Without either Vicar or Viceroy.
Wise Master in His art of arts,
He sits alone upon His throne,
The King of Hearts.

Oh ! the heart is fickle and full of pride,
Hard to rule, and harder to guide.

God loves withal the wayward creature.
To Him it is more truly dear,
The object of more tender care
Than the whole realm of outer nature,
Or all the civil rule of nations.
Oh ! can it be,
My heart, that God thus deals with thee ;
And thou, in thy pulsations, '
So proudly calm, so strangely cool,
Unconscious of His royal rule !

II.

Always restless and unquiet,
What the heart wants it never knows .
Poorer by every gain it grows,
Nothing can satisfy it.
Yea, the wide world, though it had all,
Is yet too small
To occupy it.
Give all it asks, and it asks still.
It is an abyss
Of aching weariness
Which only the infinite can fill.

Poor heart ! couldst fathom thine own mind,
True bliss is not so hard to find.
That which thou seekest is not far,
Hid in no dim and distant star.
Gaze not away into the sky
With that sad and weary eye.
Close down thy lids ; shut out the night ;
Reverse the lenses of thy sight.
What thou dost lack is very nigh,
When seen aright
By the purer rays of the inward light.

Stir not ! Stay where thou art ;
The King of Bliss is near.
His very palace is here,
And His throne is the human heart.

THE SPIRIT TO THE CHURCHES.

[FROM THE APOCALYPSE.]

I.

*Let him hear that hath an ear ! Let him hear the
Spirit speaking !*

I know thy works. I know what thou hast done
In the days now past and gone.
I know thy patient years of self-denial.
I know thy fortitude in trial.
I 've seen thy readiness
To aid thy brethren in distress.
I 've seen thee come, with loving care,
To deck my altar with bright flowers.
A sweeter tribute brought the hours
Which saw thee kneeling,
When thy full heart spoke, and heard,
By simple feeling,
Needing no intermediate word.
Thy prayers and tears,
Thy trustful hopes, thy humble fears,
Have all been noted by an eye
That lets no love go by
Unregistered, or unrequited,
Be it only a syllable of prayer,
Or a sigh into the soundless air.
I 've seen thee in thy poverty,
Wherein thy very need
Did make thee rich ; for he

Whose heart is poor is rich indeed.
 From false apostles thou hast turned,
 And their pretences spurned ;
 Yet willingly thy trust hast given
 To the true messengers of Heaven.

*Yet, stay a moment ; stay, and hear the Spirit speak-
 ing !*

All is not well.
 Something I have against thee.
 These by-gone years should have advanced thee,
 Not left thee standing still.
 Nay, thou hast lost thy early love.
 Thy heart, in growing older,
 Has grown most strangely colder,
 And hard to move.
 Behold ! I stand and knock at the door.
 Shall I knock in vain ?
 If thou hear me now, I come again ;
 If not, I come no more.

II.

*Let him hear that hath an ear ! Let him hear the
 Spirit speaking !*

I know thy works. They please me not,
 As in the days of old.
 Thou 'rt neither warm, nor cold.
 Would thou wert either cold, or hot !
 Would thou wert either living, or dead,
 Since the signs of life are fled !
 I cannot bear
 This set machinery of prayer.
 I sicken ; yea, my soul revolts
 At these dull duties, more than nobler faults.
 More desolate than death

Is this lingering of faint breath,
With death so nigh.
If life be not amended,
'T would be relief
From a long grief
To have the matter ended,
And see thee die.
Oh ! laggard soul, recall the height
Whence thou art fallen, and thy steps retrace.
Resume thy works of early grace ;
Or I will come, with angry might,
To move thy candle from its place,
And quench thy flickering light.
*Let him hear that hath an ear ! Let him hear the
Spirit speaking !*

KING DAVID'S PENANCE.

I.

Why mourns King David so bitterly ?
On a sleepless couch he lies ;
And " Amplius lava me ! " he cries,
Like a heart that is broken utterly.

He moans in his palace so bitterly,
Because a Prophet has been there,
And charged him, as only a Prophet dare,
With murder and foul lechery.

Why weeps King David so bitterly ?
Is not his sin forgiven ?
Are not the shriving words from Heaven
Engrossed in Heaven's chancery ?

His sin is forgiven, but not all,
" From thy house the sword shall not depart."

This doom is written on his heart,
And blazoned on his palace wall.

Why fasteth King David so bitterly ?
The day of his sin is now long gone.
Has penance not been rightly done ?
Yea, done ; but not entirely.

Deeds have been done ; words have been spoken.
That which has been can be no more.
The dusk of years cannot restore
The sleep of innocence once broken.

The cry of the broken heart alway
For sin is " *Amplius lava me !* "

II.

I went to my guide
With a sin of my youth ;
I would have told him the same truth,
Kneeling and weeping at his side,
As I told it him before.
But he bade me give o'er.
'T is already confessed and shriven, he said ;
Penance was done as given, he said ;
Tears have been offered to Heaven, he said ;
Tell the tale to me no more.
His words I could not well gainsay ;
But still my tears were flowing,
And ever the cry of my heart outgoing
Was " *Amplius lava me !* "

Nay, stay awhile, Brother, he said, I pray,
If no vain scruple urge thee ;
But thou, like David, wouldst deeper lave
In the cleansing wave,

And with keener penance purge thee ;
Let it be so.
In these red waves thou canst not drown ;
And for thy consolation, know,—
However deep thou wilt go down,
The sweetest grace is still below.

THE RED RIVER.

I.

I saw them wash in the red river
At the rising of the sun.
I saw them wash in the red river
At the hot hour of noon.
They washed their garments in the river
When the day was nearly gone.

Their garments grew whiter and whiter
As the red stream flowed on.
Their faces grew brighter and brighter ;
But alway their tears fell down ;
And their labor grew none the lighter
For the work that had been done.

Rest now, ye weary penitents,
And lay your washing down !
Joy now, ye pardoned criminals,
And put your white robes on !
Look up, ye heirs of Paradise,
And see the golden crown !

“We may not rest from labor,
Nor cease to weep and groan.
It is no time for robing,
Till every spot is gone.

We cannot look for crowning
Till all life's work is done."

II.

Boast not too soon of sins forgiven.
Be slow to lay thy penance by.
Be slow to count thy crowns in Heaven ;
Maybe thy Heaven is not so nigh.
Long and low the willow bendeth ;
Sobbeth its sin, shadeth its shame ;
Sobbeth and boweth ever the same.
Life and penance together it endeth.
True peace is a harvest gathered slow.
Little by little grace doth grow.
Who gave thee to look in the Book of Fate ?
How canst thou know
If thou be worthy of love or hate ?
Wash deep in the crimson river ;
Wash deep and long. A sinful act
Stands always an eternal fact ;
A sin is sin forever.

GETHSEMANE

I.

Come, my beloved, come with me !
Come to Gethsemane !
I go to pray in its solemn shade,
And seek relief,
If so my Father please,
From grief
And this fast gathering dread,
Under the silent olive trees.

I long to kneel once more
In that dear wood,
And unburden My heart in its solitude
As I have done before.
One hour remains that I can call My own,
One hour only.
I am lonely,
Yet dread to be alone.
Ah ! friends, keep near to Me !
Only My Father in heaven can know
How dear to Me
Ye are in this My hour of woe.
Stay here ; here watch and pray
While I go yonder.
That tree, so old and gray,
So stout and faithful in decay,
Is a familiar friend, and under
Its loving branches I will strive
To soothe, or drive,
This weight of woe away.

A giant shape hangs overhead,
A gross, misshapen elf,
Formed to a hideous likeness of Myself.
It fills My soul with dread.
It is the forecast of that giant sorrow
Which to-morrow
Must needs be undergone.
It is sin's eidolon.
It is made up of shame, and pride,
And stealthy fraud, and wrathful homicide,
And the sickening disgust
That follows the deed of lust,
And the fumes of the drunkard's breath ;
And every lie that falsehood hath
Is there,—

The atheist's dying glare,
Foul thoughts that fester in the breast
Where they are let to rest.
All these take shape,
And gaze, and gape,
And in one complex form combine,
As if that form were Mine.
Father ! the phantom names Me ;
It claims Me.
It wears the robe which I must wear.
It bears the crown which I must bear
To-morrow.
Father in heaven, be there,
To save My spirit from despair
Beneath this load of sorrow !
Oh, if it may,
Let this cup pass away !
Yet, Father, Thy will be done.

II.

Simon, James, John, awake !
What ! slumbering every one !
Could ye not watch one hour for My sake ?
Oh, watch and pray then for your own !
Danger is near.
Temptation comes, and coward fear.
Alas ! so heavy are their eyelids grown,
They do not hear.
Sleep on.
So must I needs fulfil
My Father's will,
And meet this woe alone.

Sleep on. I am not all deserted,
Nor unsupported.

A strong arm holds Me now.
I feel a gentle hand upon My brow ;
And My head is pressed,
With soothing care, to a loving breast.
My Father's angel brings Me this relief ;
And I feel at length
The strength
To bear My load of grief.
Sleep on. Sleep while ye may.
And yet, there soon will come a day
That ye will weep
To think of this timeless sleep ;
And how from My side ye fled away
Like panic-stricken sheep,
Because of the prayers ye did not say,
And the watch ye failed to keep.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

I.

One night, in slumber deep,
This vision came to me.
In a dream, to me
In the stillness of my sleep
It came. Long years have gone
Since that sad night,
And the hair upon my head has grown
To a silver white.
But still that vision is the same to me
As when it came to me
In the lone hours of the night,
Filling my soul with shame and grief.
Slow time brings with it no relief.
I saw my Lord in His throe ;

I saw Him hanging on the tree.
This I distinctly saw, or so
I seemed to see.
And all the while He looked at me.

“Look ! look !” He said ; “see on My head
The thorns which pierced My brain,
And which I bore for thee.
I wore for thee
This crown of pain ;
And I would do it all again.
What wilt thou do for Me ?
Oh ! have you the eyes to see,
Have you the heart to feel,
What I endured upon that hill,
That dreadful hill of Calvary ?
With a reed
They smote My head
To drive the thorns deeper in.
They plucked the beard from My chin,
And loud they cursed at Me.
Can thought conceive
The fulness of my agony ?
Can any human heart believe
All the inhuman cruelty,
Of what they did to Me—
The nails, the spear, the thorn,
The fear, the shame, the scorn,
Which I endured for thee,
Unpitied, friendless, and alone,
Upon that fatal tree ?
O heart of stone !
I bore it then,
And would a thousand times again.
What wilt thou do for Me ?”

II.

O Crown of thorns ! thy crooked folds imply
My heart's deep falsehood, and hypocrisy.
Dear Lord, I know it now ;
I know who caused Thy death,
Who wrought that wreath,
And set it on Thy brow.

'T was I.

Traitor and spy,
My perjured breath
Sent Thee to death.
I planted Thy Cross and then stood by,
Joined to the rabble underneath,
To see Thee die.

These hands that plaited the crown
Drove the sharp thorns deeper down.

Each cruel spine
Whose point grew red
In Thy sacred Head,
Was a sin of mine.

O God ! mine was the sin,
But the thorns that sank in,
And the pain were Thine.

'T was I !

Therefore, I weep, forever weep,
For that vision of my sleep ;
And because, whenever I pray,
That bleeding Head I see ;
And I hear that sad voice say
Always, always :

" What wilt thou do for Me ? "

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

I.

Of all the flowers that blow,
There is one
I dearly love to look upon
In its time of bloom ; although
It grieves me, by the piteous show
Of its scarlet vest,
And the emblems of love, and woe
(The crown, the hammer, the nails), that grow
Upon its breast.
For its petals seem to bleed ;
And often my eyes are wet
With tears of shame, and sore regret,
To think that a simple flower should heed
What I forget.

Ere ever the ruddy stigmata grew
In the palms of Louise Latou ;
Ere ever the wondering mountaineers saw
On the wounded feet of the Maid of Tyrol,
As she lay entranced on her bed of straw,
The blood course upward, as if the control
Of nature were lost, and it knew no law
But that of an agonized soul ;
Ere ever St. Francis bore the signs
Which a vision stamped on his hands and feet,
Where fair Assisi holds her seat
On the flank of the Apennines ;
Before all these, a flowering vine
On our American shore
Like emblems bore.

Sweet stigmatic ! great love is thine.
With nothing to hope, and nothing to fear,
Hereafter or here,
Thou makest life-long meditation
On the Saviour's death and passion.
Yet Jesus never died for thee.
Thou hast no share in His salvation.
But oh ! He died for me !

II.

It is an American flower ;
It grows in Brazil and Peru.
Great God ! was it felt here too ?—
The shock of that awful hour
Which heard the Saviour's dying groans ?
When the sun grew dark at noon ?
When the blood rushed full to the face of the moon ?
When stars fell headlong from their thrones ?
When earth shook through her vast extent,
And the primeval rocks were rent ?
Say ! was the horror telegraphed through
To this our continent too ?
Say ! did the same electric thrill
Shake the heights and glades of Peru and Brazil,
Breaking the news, sweet flower, to thee ?
Say ! did it stamp thee so
With these details of woe,
And blazon thy breast with such heraldry ?
Say ! did the trembling earth reveal it
To the flowers that grew on her breast ;
And didst thou feel it,
Dear mourner, more than the rest ?
Tell me, is that the reason why
Thou bearest in every flowering bud
These birth-marks of blood,
Appealing from man to the righteous sky ?

Alas ! have I a heart of steel ?
To me this tragedy is better known.
For me this deed of love was done.
Why am I then so slow to feel ;
So loth by the Cross to linger
In silence and alone ;
Whilst thou art rapt in meditation,
Each filament, like a prophet's finger,
Pointing to Jesus' passion ?

THE BLEEDING TREE.

I.

Knowest thou the Holy Rood ?
Knowest thou that saving tree
From whose foot on Calvary
Goes forth a trail of precious blood ?
Long it braveth storm, worm, flood.
None grow so fair to see.
Yet its branches always drip, drip ; God !
The drops fall fast and free !

With blossoms it was overspread.
Oh ! it was strange to see
Those blossoms all so crimson red !
Yet, here is a stranger mystery,—
That every bud and blossom bled,
Dripping, dripping overhead,
Dripping continually.
Yea, for all the drops so freely shed,
Still they fall fast and free !

From under the Rood a spring goes forth,
Flowing fast and free ;

Sending out from their place of birth
Red streams of charity
East, west, south, north,
In winding channels around the earth.
They stop not for land, nor sea.
O Blood of Christ, pass not my hearth !
Flow in to me !

Hail, saving Wood ! Hail, mercy's shrine !
All hail, thou throbbing artery
Of blood divine,
That sendest love so far to me !
Hail ! eyes all pure and crystalline,
That mingled tears with the costly wine
Poured out so free !
While light shall glisten, dear Lord, in mine,
I 'll make them weep for Thee !

II.

Flow on ! cease not, O ruddy tide,
Flow ever on !
Each globule bears from the sacred Side
Enough of riches to atone
For all the wrong which lust and pride
Have ever done.
But oh ! the untold wealth of lives
Crushed in these human hives,
And to perdition gone !
Flow on ! flow on ! ere more be lost !
What wealth but Thine can pay the cost
Of only one ?

Speed on ! Another stream as strong,
And full as swift, doth flow.
Time bears our helpless souls along
To endless weal, or woe.

Secure and slow,
 The ages through their cycles glide,
 And find no ebb to the living tide.
 But, with single lives, not so.
 Like the brief spark of the fire-fly,
 We brighten to die ;
 Gone with one glow.

Ah ! Precious Blood, flow in to me !
 Mine is the greatest need.
 Sore wounded by the enemy,
 I bleed.
 Where is the power to interpose
 Before my forfeit life shall close ?
 What plea have I to plead ?
 Speed ! speed !
 To thee alone the power is given.
 Flow in, between my soul and heaven
 To intercede.
 Yea, like a deep and mighty sea,
 In thy billows bury me,
 Till I be pure indeed.

THE INTERIOR LIFE.

*" Our little sister has no breasts.
 What shall our sister do,
 In the day when she is spoken to ? "*

—CANTICLES vii., 8.

I.

Our little sister never rests ;
 She goes too much abroad ;
 So much walking upon the road
 Doth waste and weary her.

Come home, tired heart, to thy interior !
Close up thy door to the world outside ;
Shut down thy windows tight ;
Exclude the noise and the glaring light.
There 's a world within thee far more wide,
And a sky more bright.
Thou wilt find there
A fresher life and a purer air.
Oh ! 't is a holy and calm retreat ;
A solitude so still,
So solemnly soft, and sweet,
That even the tread of angels' feet
Would break the spell.
There, in thy heart's far centre,
Sits a Prince, upon a royal seat ;
Enter ! enter ! enter !
And sit at His feet.
He will tell thee more than books can teach,
Or human science reach.
O sister ! 't is a glorious thing
To be housekeeper to so great a King !
In thine own inmost hall,
To have and hold,
Yea, with the fibres of thy life infold,
The Lord that holdeth and infoldeth all !

II.

O sweet interior life ! thou art
The Eden of the heart ;
Thine is the soul's true atmosphere.
Inflowing from the heights of prayer,
A pure inspiring air
Makes feeling quicker, breathing freer ;
And words are whispered into the ear
So far surpassing thought,
So full of solemn wisdom fraught,

So soft, so low, so sweet, so near,
The wide, rude world can furnish naught
So precious and so dear.

CHRIST LOST AND FOUND.

[FROM THE CANTICLES.]

I.

O Daughters of Juda, turn at my prayer !
Pity me.
My Love is gone ; I know not where.
Woe is me !
I scorned my Love when He kissed my brow,
And left Him under the apple bough.
He is lost to me.

O Sisters ! did you know my Love ?
He was fair.
Comely and gracious was Jesus, above
All compare.
He drew me to Him when He spoke.
He bound me to Him with a lock
Of His golden hair.

The Watchmen found me on the street.
Woe is me !
With broken vows, and low deceit,
They taunted me.
They tore the veil from off my face,
Yet my heart's loss, more than disgrace,
Sore wounded me.

•

II.

I found my Love, where my Love was lost ;
At the trysting tree ;
He leaned His head where the branches crossed,
Waiting for me.
Why I scorned Him I cannot tell ;
But this I know, I love my Love well,
And my Love loves me.

My Love is mine for all that has passed.
Under the bough
Of the apple-tree, He bound me fast
By a new vow.
I brought Him to my Mother's house,
There will I bide His faithful spouse,
As never till now.

"RORATE CÆLI."

ISAI. v., 8.

I.

"O Heavens ! in all your wide domain
Can there no dew be found ?
O clouds ! have ye no rain
To fall upon the ground,
And save the grain ?
Look down on our distress ;
Look all around ;
Witness this barrenness ;
See how the parched and thirsty earth
Is cursed with dearth,
And to her centre drying !

Can tender seed find birth
When the old growths are dead, or dying?
Only fear and famine thrive. Like shadows
We hide from the cloudless sky,
Seeing no sign in its burning eye
Of tears for fields or meadows.
O send down rain!
Revive the barren ground again!
Give it the power of birth,
That salvation may come forth
With the new-born grain!"

'T is thus, with gesture and impatient mouth,
The farmers cry
To earth and sky,
In the time of drouth.

O Christ! was ever earth more sterile,
Was ever drouth more dry,
Was ever less moisture in the sky,
Ever more souls in peril,
Than when thou layest in the gloom
Of Mary's womb,
And the Church, like a starved earth,
Lay drooping
All that long Advent, faintly hoping
For a Saviour's birth?
Truth was a folded book, unread;
Faith slept above the darkened letters;
God's love, in fetters,
Could bring to dying hope no aid;
What light the ancient prophecies supplied
Blind ignorance denied.
Only this feeble prayer,
From a faithful few in Hebrew land,
Rose, like a wail from the dry sand,
Into the heedless air.

"*Rorate Cæli*, Heaven speed !
A world travails in pain.
Pour down the blessed rain
On Abram's seed !
Combine, combine,
O human and divine,
And bring a Saviour forth,
A child of Heaven and earth,
And save the grain !"

II.

"*Rorate Cæli* !" Heaven bedew
My heart so hardened and so dry ;
So shut to the good and true,
So open to each passer by.
"*Rorate Cæli* !" give me rain !
Water my soul with grace !
O bring me face to face
With my deserted love again !
Bring back the joy of early years,
A joy that grew 'mid hopes and fears,
With all those quick transitions
To sweeter joy from desolations !
Bring back the noble, high ambitions ;
Bring back the inspirations
Which roused my soul in early days,
When first I learned to love my Lord ;
When to my centre I was stirred
By the music of His praise ;
When it needed but a word,
A simple echo of His voice
From the altar heard,
To move me ;
And all I asked of bliss
Was this,—
That Whom I loved would love me !

"*Rorate Cæli !*" come, sweet Spirit,
Come to thy home again ;
Descend like a summer rain ;
Come to thy manor and inherit ;
With the moisture of thy breath bedew it,
And so renew it,
That golden grain may grow
Where all is bare and desert now !

PALM-SUNDAY.

I.

Say ! shall I see Him ?
Shall I see my Lord one day,
When this veil is drawn away ?
Will the vision really be—Him ;
Jesus that came from Galilee,
Riding to death in jubilee ?

Say ! shall I hear Him ;
Hear Him speaking low and sweet,
As friends speak when friends meet ?
Shall I be so very near Him
That His language would be clear
If only whispered to my ear ?

Say ! shall I know Him ?
Shall I have the golden key
Unlocking every mystery
Of love belonging to Him ?
Find in my own some counterpart
To the love of that great Heart ?

II.

Let me follow now !
Master ! here I am.
Behold my palm,
Behold my waving bough !
Jesus, Thou art dear to me.
Pass not unheeding near to me.

Shall I serve Thee where I am ?
Ah ! He is gone ;
And I stand alone
With my waving bough of palm.
Saviour ! I would serve Thee true.
Is there aught that I can do ?

I would not serve for hire.
I make no bargain, Lord.
Speak but the word ;
Leaps my soul to Thy desire.
Give Thy love, and take my own—
I shall be rich with love alone.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth."

—CANTICLES i., 2.

I.

Who speaks ?
The words are full of fire.
Some soul all wrought to strong desire
The silence breaks.
Ah ! let no spirit coarse and vain,
With thought profane

Of earthly joy and sensual love,
Interpret sounds that thrill with prayer,
Pure sighs that rise to Heaven above,
And were inspired there.

Who speaks ?

It is Christ's bride ; a maid,
In her nuptial robe arrayed,
With maiden blushes on her cheeks ;
A maid, but wearing her nuptial ring ;
A royal bride
That stands beside
Her Lord ; and He the Son of a King,
Holding her hand in His.
God ! is there happiness like this,—
The joy of a soul that gives Thee all,
Without condition, question of recall,
And only asks for a kiss ?

II.

Once I gave my soul away ;
Took no thought for liberty.
Then and there, in simple fee,
All to Christ did I convey.
Head, heart, home, hope,—
All I freely rendered up
On my wedding-day.
Happy was I that all was gone ;
Happy and rich in my poverty
To feel that nothing was left to me
That I could call my own,
Not even my soul.
That too I deeded over
In absolute fee to my Lord and Lover.
Christ had the whole.

I was love's prodigal.
"Since love is mine," I said,
"I am well paid ;
For love pays all."

When glad, to sing its joy love longs.
My joy took shape in melody and measure.
A song was born of my pleasure,
And I called it "The song of songs."
It was only a prayer for a kiss ;
But, as I meant it, it seemed to me
That the compass of time and eternity
Was comprehended all in this.

Woe 's me ! for the darkened day
When that prayer shall not prevail ;
When that music in my soul shall fail ;
When that song shall die away !

FEELING IN DEVOTION.

I.

Betimes, when Christian men are kneeling,
Their prayers are mingled so with tears
'T would seem such show of feeling
Must needs be born of holy love ;
That only a rain from the sky above
Could fill the eyes to overflow
So plentifully. Yet not so ;
For I tell thee frank and truly,
Such weepers are often within
Unhallowed, and tainted with sin ;
And their lives grow never more holy.
Ah ! there are some that kneel
Who pray not, for all their kneeling ;

And there are those that feel
Who love not, for all their feeling.
There is in nature a tenderness
That is not godly piety ;
And there is an inborn gentleness
That is not charity ;
A certain shadow of grace may stay,
For many a day,
Where grace has no control ;
And hence
A taste of sweetness may be in the sense
Which is not in the undersoul.

Trust not to mere emotion.
It will deceive thee,
And leave thee
As far as ever from devotion.
All thou canst do,
All that quick sense can move thee to,
Which does not go to mend thy living,
Is but a dream of self-deceiving.
Thy life will be a mimic trance,
And thou a saint of pure romance.

But this is genuine devotion :
A loving, true, and ready will ;
An earnest resolution
God's pleasure to fulfil
In all things, and alway ;
To do the right, and shun the ill ;
Not only worship, praise, and pray,
But to be holy, and obey.

II.

What though thy soul be dry,
Barren and chill,

If God be nigh ?
Stay on the upper hill,
And build a tabernacle there
For a higher, holier prayer
That sense can feel.
I know an Alpine mountain cone.
In the Valais it holds its seat,
With a glacier to muffle its feet.
Thence creeping forth, the river Rhone
Descends, with many a bound,
To thaw his blood on warmer ground.
But look up high !
Higher, still higher raise thine eye
To the very point of that icy spire
Where, sharpened to one intense desire
To pierce the sky,
Stands fixed in holy prayer the hill.
So lift thy chastened will
To the high overthrone,
Forgetful of the sensual Rhone,
Craving thy heat from the sun alone.
Through chill or cheer,
There wait
At Heaven's gate
Until thy sun appear ;
Naught asking, all thy vigil through,
Save to be near,
Save to be true.
And, if thy sun appear not, grieve not,
Fear not, doubt not ; and believe not
That God in anger hides His face.
What though the sense receive not,
If only the soul finds grace !

ESCAPEMENT.

I.

Tick ! tick ! tick !
O clock ! thou art too quick ;
With iron finger chasing time,
And measuring out so sharp for me,
In rhythmic beats and clicking rhyme,
My onward march to destiny.
Belay ! stop ! stay ! rest !
Art thou so pressed ?
O, scrupulous painstaker,
Art thou so conscientious in thy line ?
Art so accountable unto thy maker,
As I to mine ?

II.

Oh ! oh ! oh !
Tedious cold hour-hand, why creepest so ?
I cannot bear that rigid finger
Crawling so stealthily around,
As void of seeming motion as of sound.
Blind tentacle, why dost thou linger ?
What art thou feeling for, and hast not found ?
“ I am feeling for a hollow in the ground ;
I am feeling for the breast of a mound,
A motionless, unpanting breast,
Where a hot heart that pants too fast,
Relieved at last,
May lull itself to rest
In the cool clay or sand.
Master ! the hour of thy repose
Should bring me rest, and so forever close
The weary service of an hour-hand.”

III.

Well ! well ! well !
Who can tell
What is fast or what is slow ?
Oft the hours seem to leap ;
Often too with snail-like creep
The lagging minutes go.
Only earnest bosoms know
How to measure time.
When pulses beat by healthy rule,
When duty fills the hours full,
Then life is steadfast and sublime.

THE SAME OLD TERMS.

Lord, here before Thy face,
Bold beggar, asking grace,
I knock at Thy pavilion door,
As hungry as before.

Again we meet to-day,
As we met yesterday,
Reaching familiar arms to arms
Upon the same old terms.

I bring my sins and woes,
Weak faith, forgotten vows,
And wearily to Thee I plead
Once more the self-same need.

Thou bringest life and health,
Stores of celestial wealth.
Wilt interchange, dear Lord, such ware
For a poor sinner's prayer ?

Turn not Thy face away
From the old tale to-day.
Nay ! once for all make all things new,
To show what grace can do.

OVERBOARD, ALL.

I.

On an overloaded bark I ride.
How shall I ever make the shore ?
Throw the cargo over the side !
In a sea like this,
So much cargo is foolishness.
Lighten the ship ! More ! More !

On an overloaded bark I ride.
I am the wild wind's sport.
The waves that climb the vessel's side
Have swept my mates into the sea.
Only my Pilot is left to me
To show me into port.

On an overloaded bark I ride,
Heavily plunging in the sea.
That swash has swept away my Guide.
Only the ship now ; and high and far
One hopeful light, the northern star,
Looks down on my misery.

On an overloaded bark I ride,
And still encumbered. Strip ! then, strip !
Keep naught for comfort, naught for pride,

Cast all away ! the whole ! the whole !
Stand ready to swim, O naked soul,
Or sink with the sinking ship !

'T is over now. I am alone.
Only the tempest is left to me.
Cargo, crew, Pilot, ship,—all gone.
Afloat on the deep in a starless night,—
O God ! Can I make myself more light,
More helplessly hang on Thee !

II.

On a desolate shore of the sea I stand,
Alone with the sky, and the sand, and the sea,
Like Crusoe on his desert island ;
And little by little the waves bring back
All that I lost, all that I lack ;
All comes floating back to me.

Box, and barrel, and bundle, and bale,
Locker, plate, clothing, and all my gear,
Block, and spar, and cordage, and sail,
Drift through the breakers to the shore,—
Safe all, and stauncher than before.
What wealth of treasure trove is here !

What boat is this so like to mine ?
It brings my crew from the foam of the sea,
All dripping with crystals from the brine.
They leap from the breakers to the strand,
And clasp me eagerly by the hand.
Welcome, dear comrades, home to me !

What 's this in the offing that meets my eye,
So safely anchored, riding a-lee ?
'T is my wreck, with her tall masts looming high,
And her signal flying at the peak.

Is that my Pilot stands on the deck ?
Great God of love ! He signals me.

Now welcome back, my trusty Guide !
Dark was the wave with Thee away.
Perhaps Thou wert always at my side.
Maybe some part of my wreck was a dream,
Though solemnly real the whole did seem
To a spirit dizzy with dismay.

God ! teach me the true economy.
To keep is not the way to save ;
Wealth lies in the deepest poverty ;
Christ's millionaires count not the cost ;
The storm once past, they shall have most
Who cast their all into the wave.

FAR AND NEAR.

I.

Say, which is the nearest, the years, as they roll,
Or the hand that driveth history ;
The show of facts, or law in mystery ;
The sky of the sight, or the sky of the soul ;
The changeful drapery of the real ;
Or the deep, immutable ideal ?

Make it as pleaseth thee,
As sense or deeper reason seizeth thee.
Lord of the near, and of the far,
Both worlds thy paint and gilding bear.
Hearts have a ready power and skill
To draw their landscapes out at will,

Give size and presence to their treasures,
 Light and color to their pleasures.
 Use then thy art ;
 Measure all distance by thy heart.
 And yet, for all, be there illusion,
 Time will shatter it,
 Death will scatter it ;
 Cometh all falsehood to confusion.

Say, which is nearest, what thou hearest,
 Or what thou canst not hear ?
 There are words that come not in at the ear,
 But are inborn. These are the nearest.
 What the ear hears is outside noise ;
 But far below lies the undertone.
 It speaks to the naked soul alone,
 And is eloquent voice.
 Hark to what the ground tone saith !
 It knoweth no time, reacheth no term,
 Forever resteth fast and firm,
 Dies not away in the silence of death,
 But riseth then to a cry,
 An accent, language, all inspiring breath,
 Deeper than hell, than heaven more high.
 Oh ! wilt thou hear it ?
 Lay not thine ear to the ground ;
 List not for some far-coming sound ;
 Thou 'rt very near it.
 When all this outside noise is still,
 God speaks loud to the silent will.

II.

There is no far ; there is no near ;
 There is no hence ; there is no here ;
 There is no day ; there is no night ;

There is neither great nor small
 In presence of the infinite All.
 Distance is but imperfect sight.
 Day is blank midnight to the blind ;
 So, to the sin-darkened mind,
 Which lacks the higher sense of seeing,
 Heaven shows no light, God is dim being.
 Ah ! could we look at things aright,
 Fit nobler lenses to our sight,
 Rise to a higher photosphere
 Than glimmers on our senses here,
 The near would change places with the far,
 The things that seem with things that are ;
 The earth would sink like a dream of the night,
 The sky would fold away like a scroll ;
 And the unveiled vision of the soul,
 Wide open to the all-fair, all-bright,
 Like God's own eye would scan the whole,
 And to the foreground bring the infinite.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE DEAD.

I.

They are dead. They are not here.
 They are gone, but not far.
 We know not where they are,
 Though they be near.
 We cannot hear their speech,
 Their moaning cannot reach
 The keenest ear.
 And yet we hold a sad belief
 (A balance made of hope and fear,
 Of loss computed in with gain,

Of comfort comprehending grief)
That souls, to heaven, and us most dear,
Abide in pain.
Oh ! can we nothing spare
For their relief,
To make their penance light or brief ?
Has love no tear ? Has faith no prayer ?

Though they be dead, does death hold all ?
Is nothing left unburied ?
When to the graveyard they were hurried,
Did the dull earth fall
On all that in their lives we knew
Of beautiful and true,
Leaving love's duty paid
By the sexton's spade,
With nothing more to do ?
And if death find some taint of sin
In souls so true (as needs it must),
Some debt with Justice to adjust,
Before their Heaven can begin,
Is penance done by mold and rust ?
Is there a filtering power in dust
To make the spirit clean ?
Is there a friendship in cold clay ?
Ah, no ! But earnest love can pay
Some portion of a lover's debt,
And we, who tread the tearful Valley yet,
Can give our tears, and pray.

II.

How cruel to forget the dead !
Were there no ties but such as bind
Each creature to its kind,
Our tribute should be paid.

But Christians !—with one destiny,
 Redeemed on the same Calvary,
 Sealed to one vast eternity,
 And when old loves and friendships plead—
 To forget them in their need
 Is heartless cruelty.
 Hark ! from the purifying flames
 They call us in their agony ;
 They call us by our names,
 By every tender memory
 They urge their claims
 Upon our charity,
 And this is their woful litany :
 “ *O saltem vos, amici mei,*
Miseremini.”

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

I.

The Lord is my Shepherd. What want have I ?
 He leadeth me ;
 He feedeth me ;
 I graze where the green meadows lie.
 I follow the crook
 Of my gentle Guide
 To the margin of the brook,
 Where the crystal waters glide ;
 And tranquilly upon its mossy brink
 I drink
 Sweet draughts from the flowing tide.
 When cometh the noon-day heat,
 He leadeth His sheep to a cool retreat,
 Where drooping willows wet their feet
 At the water side.
 And they sleep ; and their sleep is sweet.

Betimes they hide beneath a rock,
Where shelter is supplied, far and wide,
By the shadow of its mighty side,
To all the flock.

O Lord, Thy rule is sweet ;
Here might and mercy meet,
And love is law.
Here faithful at Thy feet,
Conscious of awe,
But more by love controlled,
Lead me thus ever by Thy rod,
My Shepherd, and my God,
And keep me ever in Thy fold.

II.

There 's a shadow on the valley where I feed.
There 's a chill upon the path wherein I tread.
I know what sense so apprehendeth,
And where this lower living endeth.
I know why oft, with sudden start,
Back to my heart
The blood doth rally ;
And what it is that cramps my breath.
A shadow overcasts the valley ;
And the shadow is that of death.
Yet wherefore should I feed in fear ?
My Shepherd is still near.
I see Him signal from the green hill-side,
My steps to guide
Away from the forbidden bounds
Back to the slopes, the lawns, the springs,
And the permitted pasturings
Of my allotted grounds.
Yea, Lord, what though

I see death's shadow deeper grow,
As chilled I wander to and fro
Along the meadow ;
Thy staff and crook shall be my stay
Till comes the dawn of the new Day
To chase this shadow.

THE COMMUNICANT.

I.

Is any thing brighter than light ?
Can any thing be half so bright ?
Yea, yea ;
I dare presume,
With Holy Chrysostom,
To say it, and do say :
More brilliant far the mouth whose food
Is Angels' bread ;
Richer the tongue which is ruby red
With a Saviour's blood.
Each guest from the sacrificial feast doth part
More radiant than the ray
Which the sun, in the burning heat of mid-day,
Speeds from his throbbing heart.
Can any thing impure abide
In such a furnace tried ?
Oh, say !
Can a soul be pressed to that mighty Side,
And not come in a flame away ?

Ah ! while I hang upon that Breast,
Angels from Heaven in surprise
Their steps arrest,
And hide their eyes.

Wings suddenly fold in the air.
For the Messenger Spirits would not presume
At such a time, by the wave of a plume,
To tempt my soul from prayer.

II.

Say ! tell me, is it long
Since the Blood of Christ was on my tongue ?
Oh ! say,
Has the fragrance all passed from my breath away ?
Am I yet free, quite free again,
To mingle among men ?
Can I ever be as I was before,—
So thoughtless, reckless, careless,
So godless, lifeless, prayerless ?
Shall I be fickle forevermore ?
Will not the blessing of this Sacrament,
So lately tasted,
Stay in my soul unwasted
Until my life itself is spent ?
Or, alas ! will this too take flight,
Like the joy of other feasts ?—
Home speed the wearied guests.
Out goes the light.

Of all the creatures Thou hast made,
O God, all hunger for their bread.
And this is mine.
When wilt Thou spread again Thy board,
And feed to me this life divine,
My life transforming into Thine ?
Oh ! come before I faint, dear Lord,
For want of bread and wine !

“REVELATIONS OF DIVINE
LOVE.”

MEDITATIONS

SELECTED, ADAPTED, AND VERSIFIED FROM THE
ORIGINAL OF

MOTHER JULIANA,

AN ENGLISH RECLUSE OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.

[FROM MOTHER JULIANA.]

THE LITTLENESS OF CREATION.

I.

I said : What is this thing I see,
Which my good Master showeth me ?
In the palm of my hand it lies,
A little ball
So light and small,
A tiny hazel-nut would fill its place.
Lord ! do me a further grace,
And read this mystery to me.
What can it be ?
And my good Lord said :
“ 'T is all was ever made.”

Now well I know this world is great,
A thing of mighty bulk and weight,
By far more grand
Than a little nut on the palm of my hand.
Far it extendeth ;
God only knows where nature endeth,
And the curtains of creation close.
But this is the reason why
It showed so little to my eye ;
In the presence of God it lay,

And my soul was in a mood that day
To lose sight
Of a magnitude so slight.

II.

Now this little thing that was made, methought
It should have fallen to naught,
So little it seemed to the eye
When God was by.
I marvelled it should last at all.
I wondered whether
It had enough to hold together,
It seemed so very small.
And it was answered to my mind ;
Yea, it lasteth, and ever shall,
For God loveth it well.

This then I find :
In God is neither small nor great.
Naught measures by its magnitude,
Naught weigheth by its weight.
But He is good ;
And all that love did once create
Love still must needs include.
He that made all things loseth naught
By any change or afterthought.
Faileth no link in Love's long chain.
Bideth all being that once hath been.

SEEKING AND BEHOLDING.

I.

One thing it is to seek God wistfully,
Another to behold Him blissfully ;
But patiently to seek, or blessedly to see,

Methinks are workings of one quality,
And profiteth the soul all one,
So His holy will be done.

We grope in darkness where there is no seeing.
But whom we seek He seeth clearly,
And that we crave His sight so dearly
Much pleaseth the Overlord, wise Being,
Who hideth Himself a little space,
Leaving us lost and lonely,
And full of sorrow, only
To give some other time a sweeter grace.

Cometh the time erelong in any case
(God speed the day)
When the soul, more loving for long delay,
More hungry for long fasting,
Shall open her eyes
With ever marvelling surprise
To see His blissful face for everlasting.

II.

In seeking for a closer view
Of God, it is His will and pleasure
That by three holy rules we measure
The working of our hearts thereto.
First, we must seek Him verily,
And busily, yet cheerfully, yea merrily,
Casting aside all baleful melancholy,
All childish show of rueful face,
And yield our wayward spirits wholly
To every motion of His grace,
With full entire devotion.
And secondly, that steadfast, in good cheer,
We do abide His time, and wait,

Like patient beggars, at the gate,
Until it please Him to appear.
And last, that mightily we trust in Him,
And ever trustfully we rest in Him,
And cling to Him with faith unfailing,
That, by His grace,
The time shall come of His unveiling
When we shall see His face.

For longeth earnestly our Heavenly Friend
To bring us to this blissful sight,
And change our gloom to light.
He worketh steadily to this one end,
For His love is ever gracious,
Familiar, tender, pressing, precious,
And full of royal courtesy.
Forever blessed mote He be !

JESUS OUR HEAVEN.

I.

Long I lay sick and sad,
And, by the feeling of the pains I had,
I thought that I should die.
Long I lay, weary and lonely,
Though whiles dear friends were by.
My sight began to fail ; and only
For the Cross that hung upon the wall,
And a light that shone
(I wist not how)
On the bleeding Brow,
Methought that all was gone
Of life and light,
And in a sea of starless night
My day was drowned.

Thus lying,
And, as to my seeming, dying,
Above, beneath, and all around
Began a whispering and laughter in the air,
In mockery, as if damned fiends,
By the malice of such means,
Would drive me to despair.
Betimes I would have turned my head
To look into the gloom,
But that my soul was overcome
By dread,
And sore misgiving of these goblin tricks ;
And in my terror to myself I said :
They will seize my soul for treason
Should my eyes stir from the Crucifix.
Then something in my reason,
Some voice of hope breathing through faith,
Or some diviner breath,——
“ Look up,” it said, “ look up, thou craven !
Here ’s nothing to alarm thee ;
Nothing is there can harm thee
Betwixt the Cross and Heaven.”

II.

Now, when this heavenly voice
Bade me look up, no choice
Had I but simply to obey,
Or courteous answer must be given.
And I said : “ Nay,
I may not, for Thou art my Heaven.”
My meaning was, so might it please my Lord,
I would not ; for that I preferred
Gladly till doomsday to remain
In all my pain
Than even to enter Paradise

In any other wise
Than by His own dear Cross.
Yet well I wot who bound me thus
He could unbind me too.
A comfort 't is that then and there
I spoke this word on my bed of pain.
And so, I trow,
Stands my heart now ;
No other Heaven but Christ for me !
For time and for eternity
My pledge is given :
Jesus alone shall be my Heaven !

BENEDICITE DOMINE.

I.

In sorrow one day, as I prayed
And lingered in prayer,
I saw in the air
The Cross, and Christ's bleeding Head.
To my sad seeming
I saw the red blood streaming
From under the thorny crown.
The pellets trickled down
Hot, fresh, and plentiful ;
Yet, flow as they might,
To my poor sight,
The fair face of Jesus was beautiful.

Tears I wept, of joy and woe,
To see the dear Head so fair,
And bleeding so ;
But this was my only prayer ;
I said "*Benedicite*,"

And all the while the blood did flow
I said "*Benedicite Domine*,"
And could not stop.
Like beads upon a rosary
My heart did count each drop,
And I said "*Benedicite*."
For I knew, and I know,
That this sad show
Was a showing of His love ; and so
In sad simplicity
To the Cross that hung above I said,
And to the bleeding Head,
"*Benedicite !*"

II.

I looked at the fair, sad face again.
Its beauty was gone.
The ruddy drops had gathered upon
A visage all in pain,
Deathlike, and dark,
And marred by many an ugly mark.
Yea, all that holy Head
Was overspread
With a changeful light and shade.
And often, to my view,
The bleeding changed in quantity, and hue.
Now it ran quick ;
Now slow, and dry, and thick.
Now it was living red, now sallow.
And when, on one side, a shadow grew
From midface to the ear,
Then a bloody flush would follow,
As suddenly to disappear.
Thus ever the color came and went.
Now this disfigurement

I greatly sorrowed to see.
I marvelled how it could be.
Scarce had I strength to pray
My *Benedicite*.
For verily I say,
And do believe, and ever shall maintain
(Save only for the sorrow and pain
Of His dying day),
So fair a man was never none
Beneath God's golden sun.
But this, I was afterwards made to see,
Was an emblem of our inconstancy ;
Yea, the foul black deeds that we have done,
The which our blessed Lord did bear
For our dear love on Calvary,
Unaided and alone
Sustaining there,
Upon His single back,
A burden would make a Heaven black,
And all but a God despair.
O Jesu, Benedicite !

THE ROYAL DEBTOR.

1.

Behold what my good Lord
Once said ; not to my ear, nor stirred
A breath of air ; but by an inward showing,
A secret precious interviewing
Granted betimes in prayer.
“I thank thee for thy patient faith,
And for the service of thy youth.”
And this to every soul He saith
That worshipping in earnest truth.

Now methought I was lifted bodily
Through the deep air,
Through the fair blue canopy
To the calm heights of Heaven where
The Lord our God doth reign.
Methought He had gathered there and then
His friends to a solemn feast.
I saw Him take no place, no seat ;
But as often happens when tenants meet
Their Lord at his own behest,
In his own hall,
Christ lent Himself to every guest,
Quick answering to every call,
With a sweet courtesy
Most ravishing to see,
Yet royally reigning over all.

God's truth ! fair was it to see and hear ;
And ever as He moved along
Amid the throng,
He spake to each and every ear
In sweet low breath
These words of cheer and earnest truth :
" I thank thee for thy patient faith,
And for the service of thy youth."

II.

Methought, as I gazed on the solemn scene,
That all the service had ever been,
And the labor of all living men
Might not deserve such thanks as then
God singly gave to each alone.
Full homely then was it made plain,
Right sweetly was it shown,
That the age of every man is known ;
And a full record of his years

Of faithful service done appears
On the calendar of Heaven ;
Yea, carefully is counted even
Each footstep on the road
That leadeth him to God ;
He getteth pay for the full space
Wherein uplooking to the overthrone
Whence cometh needful grace
His soul in charity he keepeth ;
Yea, not for the hours of day alone,
But the still hours when he sleepeth ;
And for every prayer he saith,
And every sigh of longing breath
To Heaven ascending.
God borroweth of our poor store with pleasure ;
Yea, giveth thanks to us for lending.
But oh ! He payeth beyond measure ;
For all is paid from an infinite treasure,
A love which is unending.

And therefore all in earnest truth
The Master saith :
“ Thanks for thy patient faith,
And for the service of thy youth.”

GAME AND EARNEST.

I.

“ Herewith the Fiend is overcome.”
This word was spoken low and near ;
How, I know not, not to my ear ;
But well I know wherefrom.
Nothing I saw. Nothing was there
In all my chamber anywhere,

Nothing at all,
 Save only my bed ;
 Save only the Cross that hung on the wall ;
 Save only the Christ with the Bleeding Head.

Then saw I the eyes of Jesus gleaming
 From under the crown of thorn,
 And, to my sight and seeming,
 They glistened with scorn.
 And methought I gleaned,
 From His scornful air and under talk,
 That Our Lord was making mock
 Of the malice of the Fiend.
 And in that hour
 I came to know,
 As never before, the power
 Of Christ, His passion over the foe.
 Ever and alway the foul Fiend burneth
 With hatred of the Cross.
 Ever and alway Christ's passion turneth
 That hate to his own dear loss.
 Bitter his lot.
 Whether he work or he work not.
 Cometh to us thereby much pain,
 But yet (Christ helping) sweeter gain.

Now ever yet, when I recall
 That Cross and Christ upon the wall,
 My spirit boundeth ;
 And in my soul still soundeth
 That word which broke the silence of my room :
 " Herewith the Fiend is overcome."

II.

Now, sooth to say and verily,
 When I saw our Lord make scorn

Of the Fiend from under the bleeding thorn,
I laughed right merrily.
Yea, glad would I have been
Had all my even Christian seen
What then I saw, and laughed with me.
In truth, Our Lord laughed not,
As to my sight ;
But well I wot
That He mocked at the foe
His malice and broken might,
And the overthrow
Of his cruel craft. And verily
It pleased Him when I laughed so merrily.

Now presently, when I bethought
That Christ laughed not,
I fell suddenly sad ; and I said :
“ Woe ’s me for the Bleeding Head !
Here is both game and earnest.
O Christ ! I see game
In the shame
Of the Fiend whom Thou scornest,
And in his labor’s loss.
But ah ! what tongue can tell the price
Of that sacrifice
Which gave this power to the Cross ?
’T is easy for me to mock the Fiend,
Who, save my soul’s hurt when I sinned,
Bring from the fight no scar ;
But He who conquered in the war,
And met the hazards of the hour,
Can only scorn the demon’s power
From a bleeding brow,
And a Cross of woe.”

JOY AND PAIN.

I.

Two tides prevail in the human breast,
And they make or mar our rest.
The fickle currents come and go
With alternating ebb and flow ;
And, fluctuating to and fro,
Now pleased we ride
On a full flood-tide,
Now low in the breakers buffet.
This is God's gracious dealing.
Long to linger in one feeling
Brings to the soul no profit ;
But, if in patience we abide
And do God's holy will,
Faileth no grace ; equally well
We thrive in either tide.

But yesterday the sky was bright.
My soul was all illumed with light.
" Nothing shall part me from thy side,"
With brave St. Paul I cried.
And now again, lost in the night,
And sinking in the wave,
I shout with Peter terrified :
" I perish. Jesus, save ! "

II.

Betimes in comfort, whiles all comfort gone ;
Betimes to feel God's helping hand,
And whiles all desolate to stand
And struggle on alone.

So would He have us learn,
Through every changeful turn,
To live by faith, not feeling ;
In weal or woe
To trust His holy dealing ;
His hand to know.
For His hand forever guideth us
In one same surety,
And the great Rock that hideth us
Is full security.

Yea, though sometimes in sore dejection,
Trembling like one in dereliction,
A loving soul go bending,
It may not be for punishment ;
Happen a boon from Heaven sent ;
Happen a grace which love is lending.
Betimes the pain that I am in
Seems all too sudden to be for sin ;
And whiles the joy that floods my spirit
Is too soon gone to be for merit.
In joy and pain one hand I see ;
Forever blessed may it be !
These are God's kindly dealings ;
And it shall be my strong endeavor,
Yea, firm determination, never
To yield me to sad feelings,
But rest in holy comfort ever.

Oh ! pain is passing, measured, tempered,
To them that be of God's salvation.
Cometh a bliss unmeasured, and unhampered,
And endless in duration.

LOVE'S GREATEST PAIN.

I.

Oh ! 't was a heavy passion !
Oh ! 't was a weary pain ;
And, though I saw it not
Except in thought,
Except in such a form and fashion
As things are painted in the brain,
I would not dare,
For all the world I could not bear
To see it so again.
Said I, in my soul's bitterness :
" Is hell pain more than this ? "
Quick and sharp came the reply,
To my reason it was answered : " Ay,
For there, and only there,
Grief is bottomed in despair."
Yet, of all the pains that lead to bliss,
The pains to hearts in hope which offer,
No keener woe is found than this—
To love, and see love suffer.
Alas ! I saw Him on the Rood
Down bowing ;
Alas ! I saw the purple flood
Down flowing ;
I saw in His fair face the color
Coming and going,
And alternating with deep pallor.
Oh ! it was heart-rending !
Life and death I saw contending,
As wrestlers put forth their full power,
From burning noon to the ninth hour.

Christ knows if that keen grief of mine
Were earth-born, or divine ;
Christ knows if sacred charity
Gave me such pain ;
But methought no sorrow could come to me
Ever again,
Like the sorrow I felt then.
Cometh a day that shall disclose,
Christ knows,
I would that day were now begun—
Yea, done.

II.

Now, when the sorrow of my own sad heart
Had passed in part,
I thought of that dear innocent dove
Our Lady Mary, who stood by His side
When He was crucified ;
All through that burning mid-day clove
So fondly to His side,—
All through the bitter dying, till He died.
And then I saw more plain
How the greatness of Her love
Was the greatness of Her pain.
For, in kind, Her love was a mother's ;
But it passed all mothers' in degree.
Ah then, how could it be
Her grief should not surpass all others ?

Dear Lady, I in sorrow
Do pity Thy love's great agony ;
Yea, fain would my poor bosom borrow,
If so it might, more love from Thee.

HOW IN CHRIST'S PASSION ALL SUFFER.

I.

When the Lord Christ was slain
Upon the Cross of Calvary,
All creatures suffered in His pain.
Each in its kind, and in its own degree,
Had feeling then
As of some fearful drain
Of vital force,
Of life subsiding at life's source.
Needs must be some such sympathy
Between the creature and the Deity.
Knoweth itself the blind stone
And clingeth to itself alone.
Against all other unions it rebelleth,
Attraction scorneth, force repelleth,
Yet, by what sense it loveth, and feareth,
By that same sense, and in like measure,
It knoweth the mighty divine pressure,
By which its own low life cohereth.

Well, then, what wonder
That solid rocks should sunder
When Christ was slain !
All Nature, with a common heart,
Took common part
In the common pain.
His friends all suffered then and there ;
And all that love Him now must bear
His Cross and thorny Crown.
These are not His alone ;
They are our own.

II.

All suffered when the Saviour died.
The spring of every comfort failed,
All human joy had turned to weeping,
And one drear midnight had prevailed
Save for that mighty secret keeping
Which God for the time supplied.
All suffered then ; yea, well I wot,
Both they that knew Him, and that knew Him not.
Beneath the Rood,
Hardened to suffering and blood,
A sentry soldier, on his beat,
Paced back and forth with haughty stride ;
But when the earth shook beneath his feet,
With altered mien and chastened mood,
Humbled to worshipping he cried ;
“ Sure this was the Son of God ! ”

And we that are not pagan, nor infidel,
But know Him well,
With all that marvellous history
Of birth, and youth, and life, and teaching,
By faith of Holy Church and her true preaching,
And the deep mystery
Of penance, and each sacrament of grace ;
And hope ere while to see His face
On some sweet blissful morrow,—
Oh say !
Shall we not weep to-day ?
Not one sore pang from His deep Passion borrow ?
From His full heart
Not one keen quivering dart,
To make up our poor part ?
Shall He hang thus in solitary pain,
While cold and placid we remain,

Though rocks are rent in twain,
And skies
Close their bright eyes ?
While robbers pray,
And pagan kneel,
Are we less quick than they
To think, and feel ?

GRADUS AD TRINITATEM.

A SERIES OF
MEDITATIONS

ON THE INNER LIFE OF GOD.

GRADUS AD TRINITATEM,

OR

MEDITATIONS ON THE INNER LIFE OF GOD.

The verses which follow, grouped under the above heading, not only constitute a series of meditations, but are so constructed and graduated as to present an argument for the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Although the words of Sacred Scripture are sometimes used, for the benefit of those who meditate, no appeal is intended to the authority of Revelation. The argument is simply and purely one of analogy, reasoning from the intelligent though finite soul as we find it existing in Man, to that infinite Spirit which we name God. The poems lead us forward and upward by degrees, or Steps, which are explanations of certain philosophical truths, without a correct understanding of which no one is competent to discuss the subject, or meditate upon it.

By reading each STEP carefully and keeping the whole series in mind when completed, the reader will have a very condensed but complete argument, affording a rational basis for the great doctrine which lies at the foundation of the Christian faith.

Religion cannot part from this doctrine without ceasing to be Christianity.

Each Step carries the mind onward toward the grand conclusion, that the life of God consists of the simultaneous action of three distinct personages dwelling together in the unity of one same being.

The course of argument stated in prose is substantially as follows :

That the unity of God is not abstract but concrete ; in other words, that it is made up of essential elements which constitute the fulness of the divine life. That God is necessarily a being of infinite activity. That the interior working of His life is not, however, like ours—a succession of acts, but one eternal and simultaneous act. That, in the same way that *THOUGHT* and *WILL* are the elements of action in the soul of man, so also in thought and will we must expect to find the elementary action of divine life in God. That, in both God and man, thought is an inward *WORD* spoken by the mind to itself alone, and remaining with the speaker, distinct but not disunited. That, in man, this distinction between thought and the mind which gives it birth is imperfect ; but, in God, thought, or the inborn *Word*, being like the parent intellect perfect and infinite, rises to the full dignity of a distinct personality ; and thus the Son is equal in all respects to the Father. And, lastly, that these two august Persons, so infinite in grandeur, goodness, and beauty, and dwelling thus together face to face in the intimacy of one divine life, necessitates the origin of a mutual divine Love, proceeding from both, infinite like both, and distinct from either. This is the Holy Ghost, last of the Three only in the order of logic, but, in living reality, co-infinite and co-eternal with the Father and the Son.

THE UNITY OF GOD.

I.

When I say God is one—one what ?
One and no more ? An abstract thought ?
An useful summary of all we know,
Or all that thought can reach unto ?
The Pantheist's all ? Creation's whole ?
Nature's blind instinct ? The world Soul ?
Oh, no ! I mean the living God
That really is, that lives, that moves,
That acts, and thinks, and wills, and loves,
And rules all being with a nod ;
Holding His own life free ·
Asking no leave to be ;
In His own self a wealth of being ;
A sum of infinite contents ;
A total of constituents
In one grand life agreeing ;
All infinite, all reaching forth as far
As the great life whose components they are.

II.

If God were simply unity
Embracing no plurality,
His being would be a wilderness.
Where then would be His loveliness ?
Beauty from graceful order springs ;
But order is the due relation
Of things to things.
What 's a life circle without inner rings ?
God is no abstract thing. He is concrete.
Relations multiplex in Him unite
In order, Heaven's first law, and thus complete
A beauty various, august, infinite.

God is a thoughtful, conscious King,
Knowing Himself, with far more light
Reflected on that inward sight
Than all the skies on science fling,
Though age on age accumulate the offering.

THE ACTIVE LIFE OF GOD.

I.

Action is a being's breath.
Life lives by its own unrest.
Beats the quick heart ; heaves the warm breast ;
Stillness is the state of death.
Whatever lives must needs be stirring ;
Action is law for all the living.
To be evermore begetting, bearing,
Increase of itself outgiving,
Product of its activity,
Fruit born to its fecundity,
Is the sole sign to one and all
That a living thing hath life at all.
"Speak !" Angelo said, and struck the stone.
The marble Prophet responded naught.
No soul was there to yield a thought ;
No life to give a groan.
Shall reason reduce to marble death
The Lord of life, the King of breath ?

Who therefore thinks of God as still
Is either deeply ignorant, or infidel.
Ah ! since through nature the law holds good ;
Since life must needs have work to do ;
What force majestic must move through
The ever heaving Soul of God !

II.

This is the law of fecundity :
Be it little, or be it great,
Productive life must generate
In the measure of its activity.
No less result can satisfy
The cravings of its state.
The world therefore is a thing too small
To occupy God's mind, and fill it all.
God is infinite Life in motion ;
One infinite wave swells an infinite ocean.
His mind is a measureless womb ;
And the only adequate issue therefrom
Is a thought, an inward Word, a birth
Vast as the source which gives it forth ;
A Child (like the parent) divine,
In whom the same attributes combine ;
The Father's image and delight,
And, like Himself, all infinite.

O Christ ! herein I name Thee.
Thou first, and last, and only Word
In that divine life circle heard,
Hereby I claim Thee.
And, though unguided on the road
My untaught intellect
The wondrous truth would scarce suspect,
Yet, light once given, I know my God.

THE WHOLE LIFE-MOVEMENT OF GOD IS
BUT ONE ACT.

I.

Say ! when did Heaven's high history begin ?
What field were God's first mighty stepping in ?

Ere the first angel flew, the first light shone,
 Ere stars in clusters budded, suns into disks were
 blown ;
 Ere on their poles they span, into their orbits
 whirled ;
 What was God doing ere He made the world ?
 How did grand thought, born in the boundless
 past,
 Rouse the pulsations of a soul so vast ?
 We know how this our lower world goes on.
 Man's life is measured by successive acts ;
 Coming events supplant the finished facts ;
 New thoughts and new desires the old dethrone.
 How was it when God lived alone ?
 Is that majestic life thus marked by tracks ?

Methinks far other should that movement be,
 Where the moving wave is soundless ;
 Where the power to move is boundless.
 There a breath should supply eternity ;
 There reason should have so vast a reign
 That Thought, forth issuing from her throne,
 Exhausting all that can be known,
 Should leave no need to think again.
 There going and return should meet
 Upon an endless track ;
 The past lie forward, and the future back ;
 And one pure Act make life complete.

II.

'T is time marks life by ever changing scenes.
 In the eternal world nothing begins,
 Naught ends. This episode of time and space
 Far underneath God's inner life takes place.
 God is eternal, does not live in time.

'T is only finite creatures, such as men,
That think, and rally thought to think again ;
That step by step to new conclusions climb ;
That leave behind the embers of old fires.
And with new fuel kindle new desires.
God's first life-step is all one with His last ;
His first breath still remains unspent ;
His changeless mind is still intent
On the same thought that wrought there in the
past.

In God's far future dawns the early morn
When Word divine to life divine was born ;
When, by one motion, Thought eternal came,
And co-eternal Love broke into flame.
What was, and is, and is to be,
Are vain distinctions in eternity.
The present there with past and future dwells
All parallel, and interwreathing ;
One long exhaustless breath fills the life cells,
And needs no second breathing.

THOUGHT AND WILL THE CONSTITUENT
ELEMENTS OF DIVINE ACTION.

I.

God knows His creatures ; but He needs them not.
By Him we live and move ; yet share no part
In that great tide of life which floods His heart.
Its bosom bears us, but outside we float.
We cannot see God ; little of Him we know.
Mere glowworms of the dark, we grope below,
Holding dim torches to the paths of night,
And in its shadows seek for higher light.
Yet are we in our Maker's image made,

Faint and imperfect though the copies show ;
 And something of the great Original may know
 By study of His traits in us portrayed.

THOUGHT, WILL ; behold in these the two life-wings
 Whereby a spirit into action springs !
 From these two motors therefore rise and meet
 Those life relations which God's unity complete.
 Help, Lord, our feeble minds to scrutinize
 The mystic streams which flood Thine arteries,
 And blend their currents in one life concrete !

II.

God knows Himself. With this high wisdom
 fraught,
 His mind grasps all that being has to show.
 Nothing but pale reflections glow
 Outside that primal horizon of thought.
 God clings to His own being ; and herein
 Lies hid a joy unclouded and serene.
 God looks, desires. That motion all in-moving,
 Act duplicate of seeing and of loving,
 Alone can satisfy the measureless behest
 Of His all-searching eye, all-craving breast.
 Man must first look, then love. Love follows sight.
 That which is first in order must be first in time.
 It is not so in that vast Soul sublime
 Where all is co-eternal, infinite.
 God looks and loves ; quick thought finds thought's
 ideal
 Beaming with beauty in the true and real,
 Deep mirrored in His own self-consciousness.
 Thus gazing on the wealth of His own loveliness,
 His vision kindles into infinite desire ;
 And in the flame of that exhaustless fire
 Is seated God's eternal happiness.

THE CHARACTER OF A DIVINE
THOUGHT.

I.

Say ! tell me, what is thought ? First, thought in
man ?

It is an inward, inborn word,
To the speaker spoken, by him only heard,
And resting where its life began.
'T is said. 'T is born. It lives, for good or ill.
And yet no curious ear outside can reach
The accents of that cloistered speech ;
The letters of that word no eye can spell.

So thought in God is a word divine,
Deep spoken in that Soul's far centre,
Vibrating mighty sound, and yet so fine
That, should the detonations enter
And thunder in an angel's ear,
Unconscious of the flood, he could not hear.
What ! could he touch life infinite alive ?
Could his dull senses pierce the eternal seals ?
Could his slow vision follow the turn of the wheels
Where the genius of God doth drive ?

II.

Man thinks ; God thinks. Yet mark the differ-
ence.

God's inner Word is perfect and unbroken ;
Says all that can be thought or spoken
In one eternal present utterance.
It cannot have, and needs not, repetition.
It takes in all, leaves room for no addition ;
Large as the Mind whence it doth emanate,

And with that Mind's long life commensurate.
 It must be so, O infinite eternal Soul !
 For all in substance is the same in Thee ;
 And aught that praise can name in Thee
 Is equal to the all-circling whole.

MIND AND THOUGHT DISTINCT IN ONE LIFE.

1.

Is thought distinct from that which thinks ?
 Yea, surely ; when I name the one
 I do not mean the other. Each is known
 By lineaments of its own. Yet both are links
 Of one same life, and cannot live alone.
 Substantially, essentially, the two are one.
 So mind and thought exist in reasoning man.
 And so in God where mind and thought began.

A thought is born ; an inward word is spoken,
 The silence of one soul alone is broken.
 In that life-circle where it first found birth,
 There it abideth.
 Shut from the outside world at home it hideth ;
 A truant from that fold goeth not forth.
 There face to face each eyeth either,
 The ghostly breath, and the thoughtful breather.
 Mind measures the offspring it begot,
 And in turn is canvassed by its thought.
 Subjective sight, and object seen,
 Freely change place behind the screen.
 Thus, face to face in loving unison,
 Distinguishable always, always one,
 At the domestic hearth sit sire and son.
 So ever life intelligent goes on.

Can it seem strange that a like spirit-wonder
Should underlie God's life, since ours it lieth under?

II.

In man distinction between mind and thought
Is incomplete, is an imperfect one.
Thought has in us no self-subsistence of its own,
Is always partial and dependent. It derives
Outside itself the power by which it lives.
Uprising like a mirage from the sand,
It fades soon back into the parent land.
One man is never a community ;
Never to full perfection can he bring
Within the compass of his little ring
The mystery of plural life in unity.
Not so in God. His wondrous life goes on
All spent within Himself. In Him the eternal
year
Is rounded by a thought that fills its sphere,
And finds there all it needs to feed upon.
God's Thought is full ; has life in its totality ;
Lacks naught ; can see, hear, feel, and freely
move ;
Can think, desire, appropriate, and love,
And rises therefore to a perfect personality.

God thus is truly several and one ;
A royal Family upon a single throne ;
A full community that lives alone.
Contemplating His own image, God can say,
With all a Father's pride, that joyous Word
Which David, rapt in inspiration, heard :
" My Son ! I have begotten Thee to-day."
To-day ; a day which has no morn, no close ;
That hourless day which changeless Being knows.

THE GENESIS OF LOVE ; OR, THE PRO-
CESSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

The birth of thought is life, but not life's whole.
'T is not the term where living rests complete.
A twofold action in one soul must meet ;
And this united movement makes life full.

Mind thinks. Then quick a second motion springs.
Will follows thought ; desire takes flame from sight ;
The eager soul expands in the warm light.
Life always flies upon these twofold wings.

Thought is an outlook of the spirit moved
By thirst for truth, which to herself she draweth ;
But love, a voluntary exile, out-doors goeth
To lose her life in that of the beloved.

Love springs from mind, the pensive soul's desire.
Love also is the product of the thought,
By which to the loved object mind is brought
And introduced. Two breaths light one same fire.

Behold a wonder ! Here is more than one.
Love is distinct from mind, and both from
thought ;
Yet all in one same life are interwrought.
Another wonder ! Lo, here one alone.

Thus, in the creature typified, we find
The mystery of relations,—life made full
By threefold unity ; grouped in one soul
Thought, Will, and Memory or abiding Mind.

II.

Lift now adoring eyes to that high path
Where, wrapped in mystery, walking in wealth of
light
Which radiates inward ; hid to all outer sight,
But gleaming to His own, God draws celestial
breath.

There face to face stand co-eternal Son and Sire.
The primal Mind, and first-born Science gaze
Into each other's eyes ; and from the rays
Comes forth an august Form in robes of fire,

Primordial Love. Thus born to sight reciprocal,
A third term of relation standeth out
In sure relief ; is infinite ; lacks naught
That life can have to make life personal.

Hail ! holy Charity, love's throb in Wisdom's breast !
Ranged last in order of the sacred Three,
Yet ancient as the oldest in Thy family,
And with one rule co-reigning with the rest.

Lo, closed complete the cycle of fecundity !
The Son exhausts divine intelligence,
The Holy Ghost divine benevolence,
And life divine is perfect in the Trinity.

CIRCUMINCESSION.

1.

O depth of mystery ! How doth the Father dwell
Forever in the Person of the Son ?
How doth the Son with Him share that life cell

Where His own princely being was begun?
How, close embracing and embraced by both,
Doth Love eternal, primal, infinite outgrowth
Of These, live in each life, and hold each in His
own?

'T is so. Breath with breath breathing, inter-
crossed,
Not merged, not lost, Sire, Son, and Holy Ghost
Their everlasting cycle of existence run.
This truth I hold. I know it well!
But how 't is so I cannot tell.

II.

Joint tenants of Their vast freehold,
Shareholders in a being one but multifold,
Co-currents of the same almighty wave,
Each ranging in the depth of Each doth lave.
Backward and forth, and through and through,
With full, free interchange of interpenetration,
With an exhaustless, simultaneous flow,
Rolls triple life through the great Oversoul.
O wealth of action, motion, beauty, variation!
O unity of wisdom, power, and plan in concentra-
tion!
O lavish Godhead, spending all at once its whole
Of breath, yet losing naught by the deep respira-
tion!

III.

Oh, could my proud ambition but prevail!
Oh, could I hope to lift some day the veil
Which shrouds that cycle where the mystic Three
In beauty, love, and joy pass Their eternity!
Doth not the vision promised God's elect
Reach forth so far? Will not some sense, direct

Or indirect, some gift of supreme grace,
Some Heaven-printed pass be given (perhaps to me)
To enter that charmed cloister of the Trinity,
And look and gaze on Each as on familiar face ?

THE HOMESTEAD OF THE TRINITY.

I.

There is a home older than oldest history ;
Primordial residence of sequestered lives.
Eye never gazed into its deep archives ;
Time never chronicled its years of mystery.
No sounds vibrate along that sacred air
Save native voices and footfalls familiar there.
Sufficient to itself life there has no new wants ;
Old thought is fresh, old beauty still enchants.
There filial piety, and fond parental pride
Lock hand in hand, sit side by side ;
And, nestling close, sweet charity doth rest
Her head with confidence on either breast.
There Mind, and Thought, and Heart divine do meet
In converse holy, high, and passing sweet.
Truth utters all its wealth in wisdom's ear ;
Eternity doth speak, eternity doth hear.
Life, wisdom, love, and joy are all complete.

So clusters life supreme in social cheer.
So Father, Son, and Holy Ghost abide,
A family of Three, their lives inwreathing
In one enraptured and eternal breathing.

How bold to stammer thus, thought dazed, tongue
tied,
Trying to tell how Heaven's chambers glow,
Since all I give I glean by this dim light below !

II.

To faith is given firmly to believe
 And take delight in many things
 Which weaker reason struggles to conceive.
 What art can sketch that conference of Kings ;
 In colors draw that transport of dilection,
 That inundating tumult of affection
 With which the Eternal Father flings
 Fond arms about His only Son ;
 While God the Son with burning lips still wrings
 Fresh life from lips whose speech that life begun ?
 What is it from each panting bosom springs ?
 Is it a Tongue cleft into wings of fire ?
 Is it a Dove with eyes of red desire ?
 Is it a loving Breath escaping from the Two,
 And in the breathing braided to life anew ;
 Claiming an equal age, and sudden growth
 To dignity with Either, and with Both ?
 I dare no more enquire : I fear to think ;
 So low my wretched fancies sink
 Beneath that high and holy dome,
 That glowing hearth, that golden home.
 I know but this :
 In that mysterious Family above
 Reigns lofty converse, sweet domestic love,
 And bliss, immeasurable bliss.

LOVE DEALING WITH MYSTERY.

I.

An ancient Sage stood by the ocean shore
 And gazed into the ever-heaving deep.
 He watched its wayward tide that knows no sleep ;
 That swells, and falls, and swelling as before
 Goes breathing, breathing on forevermore.

In vain he tried the mystery to trace,
The secret of that panting life unlock.
Bowling its waves against the rugged rock,
And breaking up in myriad jets of grace,
It flung contemptuous spray into his face.

Her seat bewildered reason failed to keep ;
Despair stepped in to take the place of pride.
"Euripus, since I cannot grasp thy life," he cried,
"Take all of mine !" Then, with a frantic leap,
He cast himself into the heedless deep.

Oh, happy ! if like him, dear Trinity,
Not out of baffled pride, not in despair,
But, for the hope I feel, the love I bear,
Casting myself into Thy deeper sea,
I, too, could bury all life has of me !

II.

What is infinity ? God's instantaneous and entire
Possession of a life that knows no morn, no eve.
Mind fails to grasp this firmly, though it may
conceive.

What matter ! Over-curious thought descend,
retire !

But thou, O trustful love, take heart ! Go higher !

Grand fount of triune life, lo ! God the Sire !
What this implies I cannot fully tell.
Yet this much I do know, yea, know it well—
I also am His child. Lord ! feed the sweet desire
I feel to draw near Thee,—nigher, still nigher !

O Son of God ! how fathom Thy deep genesis !
Then let it pass ! Enough for me to know

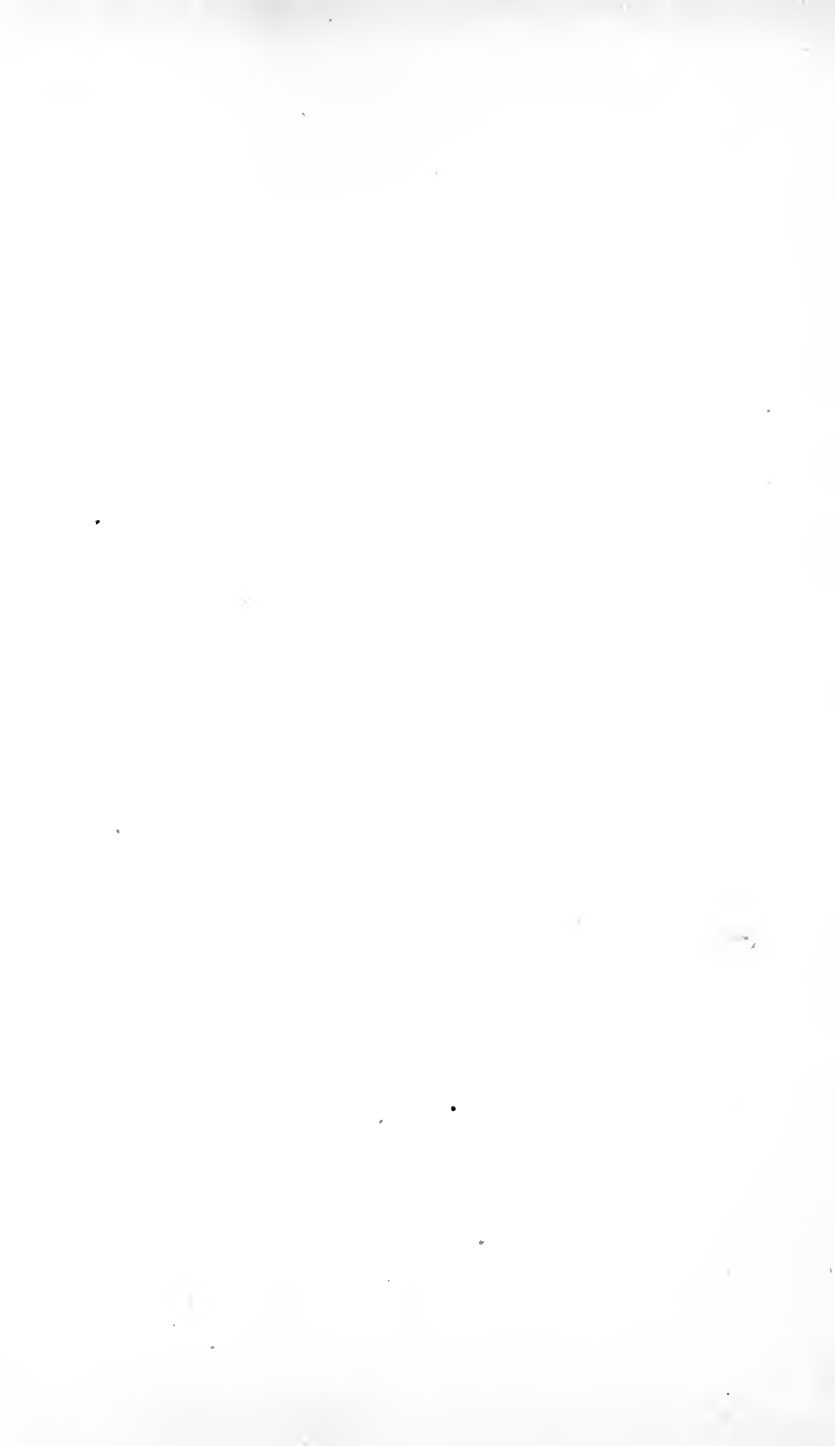
What brought Thee, Saviour, to this world of woe.
Be mine to weep, and follow each dear trace
Of blood. Be satisfied, my soul, with this !

Spirit of God ! Heaven's gentle mighty breath,
I comprehend Thee not : I can but name Thee.
Yet every pulse of prayer and praise doth claim
Thee.

Mine are the Sacraments : Thou stirrest under-
neath.

Life—Love—live, love in Thee. All less is death.

THE END.



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